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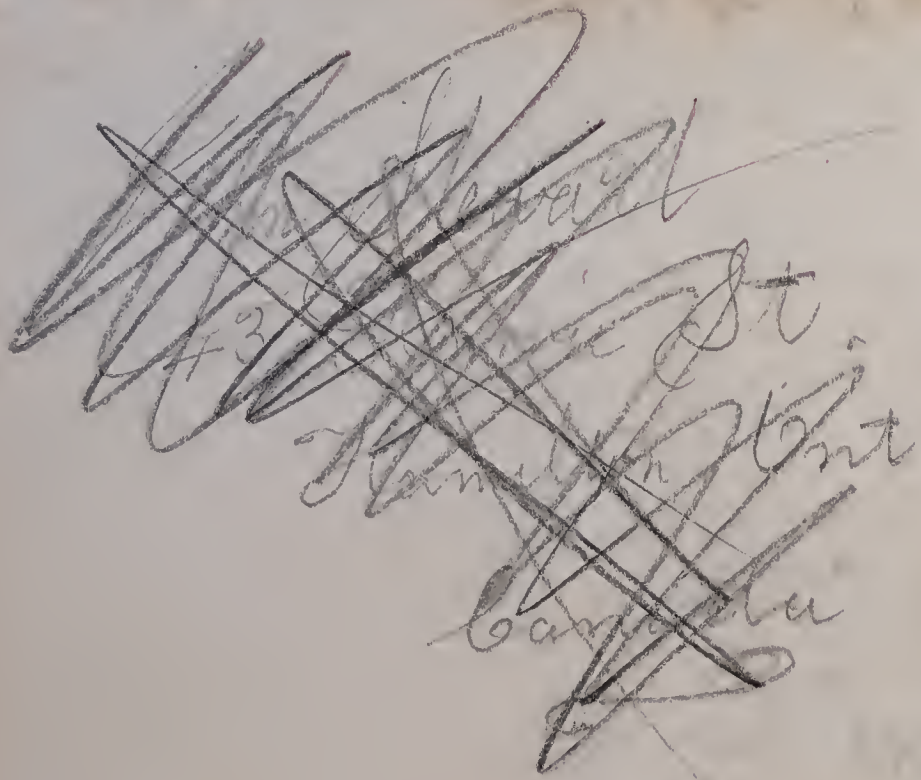

To Jean
from Her Mta.

THE
GLOBE SONG FOLIO

A COLLECTION OF

POPULAR SONGS, DUETS, AND
SACRED SOLOS

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CONTENTS.

THE GLOBE SONG FOLIO.

When the Heart is Young.

Words by CHARLES SWAIN. Music by DUDLEY BUCK.

KEY D. *Allegro vivace, ma non troppo.* *mf*

Three Measures Instrumental. | m.r,d: t,.l,,t,| d .m : d' | t,l .–: f .,l | s : s .d'
Oh! merry goes the time when the

t : – .l | s : .s | d' .,d' : t .l | s : l .s
heart is young; There's nought too high to climb when the

p cres.

t : – .l | s : .s | s .,s : s .s | l : l .l
heart is young; A spi - rit of de - light Scat - ters

rall - en - tando.
A.t. *p*

t .,t : l .s | d' : de' .de' | m'l .s : m .d | l, : t, .d
ros - es in her flight, And there's ma-gic in the night when the

d : .t, ,d | r : – .d | d : — | — : .m
heart, the heart is young.

f. D.

,f,.la,,m:– .r |– .d :–.ta'f | m : – .m | s : f | m : — | m : m
But wea - ry go the feet when the

F♯♯.t.m.l.r.

d : — | r : — | m : — | : se m | s : - .s | d : r
heart is old; Time com - eth not so

r.s.d.f.D.

m :— |— :st .,t | t :l |s :fe | m :— | :m
sweet when the | heart is | old; From

p

f :l |r' :- .r' | s :— |— :s .,s | d' :d' |f :- .f
all that smiled and | shone There is | some - thing lost and

rall. *lento.*

m :— |— :r .,r | s :- .s | la :.la | d :— | :r .,d
gone, And our | friends are few or | none when the

m :.t₁,d | r :- .,d | d :— |— :l .s | ,d.m,s :-.f | f.m :m.r
heart, the heart is | old.

mf *Vivace, come prima.*

,s,.d,r :m |— :r | d,m,.s,,d: .m | .m :d' | t .l :f .,l | s :s .d'
Oh! | sparkling are the skies when the

p

t :- .l |s : .s | d' .,d': t .l |s :l .s | t :- .l |s : .s
heart is young; There's | bliss in beauty's eyes when the | heart is young; The

cres. *f* A.t. *rall.* *p*

s .,s :s .s |l : .l | t .,t :l .s |d' : .de | m'l.s :m .d |l₁ :t₁.d
golden break of day Brings | gladness in its ray, And | ev'ry month is May when the

f.D.

d :.t₁,d | r :- .d | d :— |— : .m | ,f.la,,m :-.r |-.d :ᵈs.f
heart, the heart is | young! | But the

m :- .m |s :f | m :— |m :m | d :— |r :—
sun is set - ting | fast when the | heart is

m :— | :m .,m | l :- .l |s :f | m :— |l :d'
old, And the | sky is o - ver - | cast when the

p

t :- .m |s :fe | m :— | :m | f :- .l |r' :r'
heart, the heart is | old; Life's | worn and wea - ry

mf

s :— |— :s |d' .d':— |d' :-.f |m :— |— :r .,r

bark Lies tossing wild and dark, And the

p

s :-.s |la :la |d :— | :r .,d |m :.t,d |r :-.d

star hath left hope's ark when the heart, the heart is

Tempo poco maestoso.

t, :— | :s .,s |d' :-.s |f :l |s :— |— :s .,d'

old. Yet an an - gel from its sphere, though the

t :— |— :l |s :— | :l .s |d'.,d':t .l |s :l .s

heart be old, Whispers comfort in our ear, *cres.* tho' the

mf >

t :-.l |s :— |l :— |s : |d' :— |— :—

heart be old, Say - ing, *f* say - - -

mf *Maestoso assai.*

t :— | ,s,se:l ,le,t |d'.de'r':re'm'f' |fe's'se':l'le't' |d' :— |-.t :l .,s

ing "Age from out the

f

s :— | :t ,l ,s |m' :— |-.r' :d' .,t |l :— | *ff* .l :ta.,l

tomb Shall im- mor - tal youth as- sume, And spring e-

f' :-.m' |r' :l |m' :— |-.d' :t .d' |s : .d' |t .r' :-.,d'

r' :— |— :l |d' :— |— where no heart, no heart is

d' :— |— : |m² : |m' : |m : | :

old!"

Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!

Words by Folkestone Williams. Music by John L. Hatton.

Key C. *Andante con moto.*

Three Measures Instrumental. d' :— |— ‖ d |d :m |s :-.s

1. The bright stars fade, the
2. The sun is up, the

d' :m' | r' :d'.d' | d' :l | s :-.m | m :*fm*r.d | r :-.d

morn is break-ing, The dew - drops pearl each bud and leaf, And
lark is soar-ing, Loud swells the song of chan - ti - cleer; The

d :m | s :-.s | d' :m' | r' :d'.d' | d' :-.t { | l :.l / | l :— }

I from thee my leave am tak-ing, With bliss too brief, with
lev - ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor-ing, Yet I am here,

dim. *pp ad lib.*

r' :m' | f' :m'.r' | r' :— | de' :-.de' | r' :— | :r'

bliss, with bliss too brief. How
Yet I am here. For

r' :-.s | s :m' | r' :-.s | s :-.m | m :f | s :l

sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The tear is hid - ing
since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flor - al

dim. *p*

t :d' | r' :-.d | d :m | s.s :— | d' :m' | r' :-.d'

in mine eye; For time doth thrust me from thine arms— Good-
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee though I said—"Good-

con moto.

d' :-.s | s :l.ta | l :— | — :r' | r' :-.l | l :t.d'

bye, sweetheart, good - bye! Good - bye, sweetheart, good -
bye, sweetheart, good - bye! Good - bye, sweetheart, good -

cres. molto.

t :— | — :s | s :d' | t :r' | d' :m' | l :-.f' | m' :d' | r' :-.t

bye! For time doth thrust me from thine arms—Good- bye, sweetheart, good-
bye!" I could not leave thee though I said— "Good- bye, sweetheart, good-

D.S.

d' :— | — :.s | d' :m' | r' :d' | t,l,t :r',d',l | s,l,s :f,l,t | d :m.s | d' ||

bye!
bye!"

Thou art so near and yet so far.

J. Oxenford. Composed by A. Reichardt.

Key F. *Moderato.*

.m :f .fe | s :— | — .s :l .t | d' :— | — .d :r .re | m :— | — .r :s .s,

d .m :s .d' | d .m :f .fe | s :— | .m :f .fe | s :— | .m :s .d'
I know an eye, so soft-ly bright, That glistens
That eye so soft, like vio-lets blue, A treasure

t :— | .l :d't .l | s :— | .m :f .fe | s :— | .re:m .l
like a star of night; My soul it draws with glances
bears of morning dew, And when its light entranc'd I

s :— | .fe :s .l | t :— | .l :d't .l | s :— | .s :s .s
kind To heav'n's blue vault, and there I find An-o-ther
see What joy, what pain pos-sess-es me, A world where

s :— | .s :d't .l | s :— | .s :fe .s | r' :—.r | t :—.l
star as pure and clear As that which mild - ly spar - kles
I would gladly dwell Is that bright orb I love so

rit. *f*
s :— | .s :s .m | d :— | .s :s .m | d' :— | .d' :d' .t
here. Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed star, Thou art so
well. Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed star, Thou art so

f *p*
f :— | .l :d't .l | s :— | .s :s .m | d' :— | .s :s .m
near, and yet so far. Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed
near, and yet so far. Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed

con espress.

{ | {m' d'} :— | .d' : t .l | s :-.fe | f .s,f: m .,r | d :— | : }
star, Thou art so near and yet so far.
star, Thou art so near and yet so far.

Più animato.

{ | *Three Measures Instrumental.* | d' :— | .m : m .m | l :-.l | t :- .t }
If closed at last that ra - diant

{ | d' :- .l | m : .m | f :- .f | l .t,l: s .f | m :-.s,f | m : m .m,m }
eye should be, No more the day will dawn for me, If night should

rit.

{ | l :- .l | t :- .t | d' :— | .d' : t .l | r' :-.d' | t .,l: m .,fe }
dim its laugh - ing light, Oh then for ev - er, ev-er 'twill be

a tempo.

{ | s :— | .s : s .s | s :— | - .s : tl .,s | s :— | .s : fe .m }
night. Those eyes that bright - ly, softly shine, For me the

pp più meno *pp*

{ | r :- .m | fe .s fe,m fe: t .,l | s :— | .s : s .m | d' :— | .s : s .m }
sun and moon com - bine. Be-lov-ed eye, be-lov-ed

pp *pp* *pp*

{ | d' :— | .d' : d' .t | f :— | .l : t .l | s :— | .s : s .m }
star, Thou art so near and yet so far, Be-lov-ed

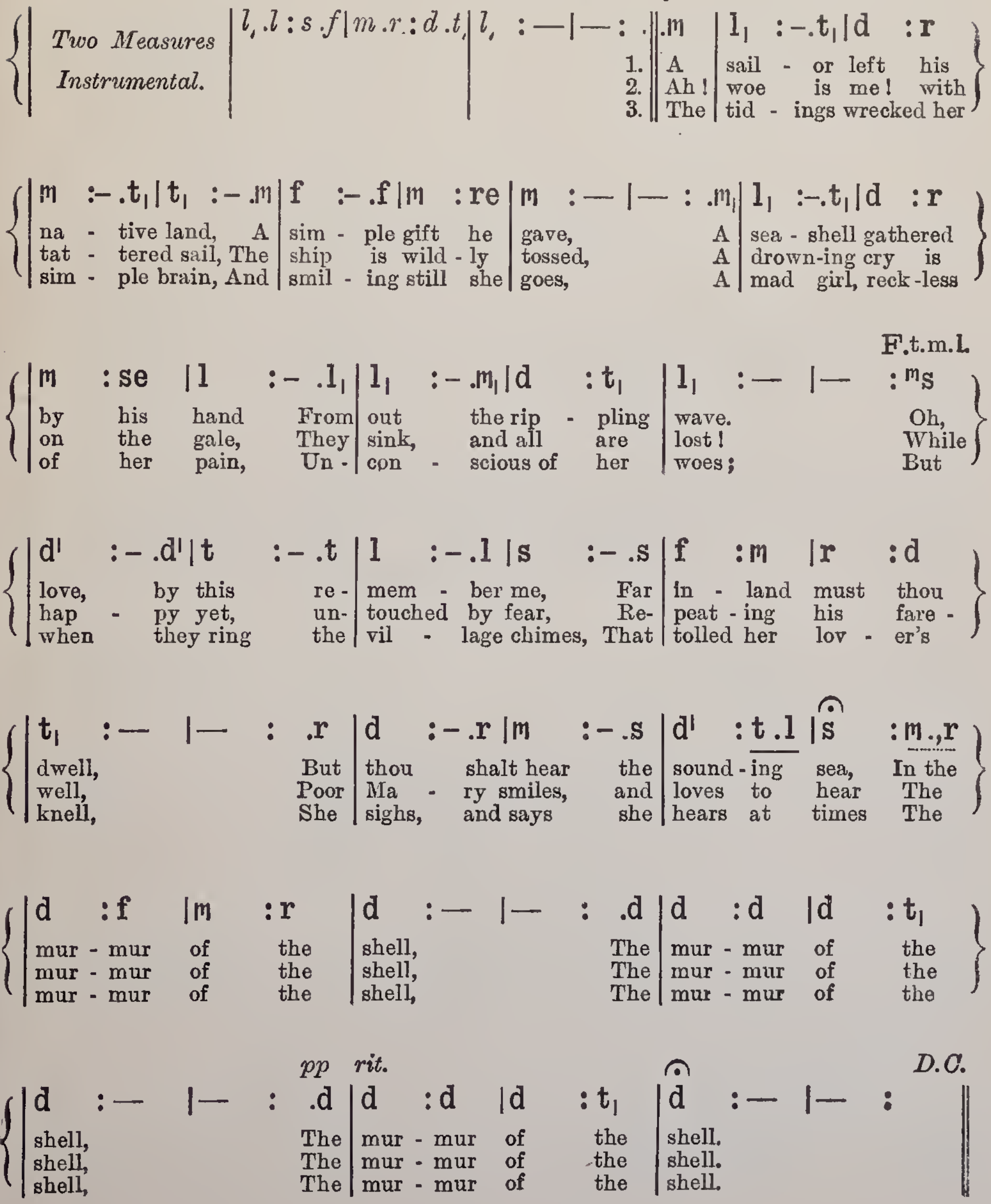
pp *a tempo.* *cres.* *con molto espress.* *f*

{ | d' :— | .s : s .m | {m' d'} :— | .d' : t .l | s .,se : l | t :— }
eye, be - lov - ed star, Thou art so near and yet so

{ | d' :— | $m^2.r^2 : r^2.s'$ | $s^2.m^2 : m^2.d^2$ | $d^2.s' : s'.m'$ | d' : | m' : | d : — ‖
far.

The Murmur of the Shell.

Key A♭. *Andante.* Words and Music by The Hon. Mrs. Norton.



In Happy Moments Day by Day.

Words by A. Bunn. Music by W. Vincent Wallace.

Key D. *Moderato.*

Seven Measures Instrumental. | d :— | : .s, | m :- .m | l .s : d .r |
1. In hap - py moments day by
2. Tho' anx - ious eyes up-on us

| m :— | : s, | r :- .r | m .r : t, .s, | m :— | : .s, |
day, The sands of life may pass In
gaze, And hearts with fond - ness beat, Whose

| m :- .m | l .s : d .r | m :— | : .m | f :- .l, | t, .m : - .r |
swift but tranquil tide a- way From time's un-err - ing
smile up-on each feature plays With truth - ful-ness re-

| d :— | : .d | r :- .r | t :- .l | l :-.se | m : .m |
glass. Yet hopes we used as bright to deem, Re-
plete. Some thoughts none oth - er can re - place, Re-

| l :- .l | t .l : fe.r | s :— | : f | m :- .m | l .s : d .r |
mem - brance will re- call, Whose pure and whose un-fad-ing
mem - brance will re- call, Which in the flight of years we

| m :— | : s, | r :- .r | m .r : t, .s, | m :— | : .m |
beam Is dear - er than them all, Whose
trace Is dear - er than them all, Which

| m :- .m | l .s : m .d | d' :— | d :- .r |
pure and whose un - fad - ing beam Is
in the flight of years we trace Is

| m {:- .m / :- .s,} | m :- .r | d :— | : | *Three Measures Instrumental.* ||
dear - er than them all.
dear - er than them all

The Good Rhein Wine.

Words by James Reed. Music by John Gray.

Key D.

Seven Measures Instrumental.

r' :t |d' :

:S: *f*

d' .,t: d'.,r' |d' :s

1. Pour out the Rhein wine,
2. Pour out the Rhein wine
3. Pour out the Rhein wine,

m :s |d :s .,s | l :s |f :m | m .r :— | : .s

let it flow Like a free and bound-ing riv-er; Till
ev - er - more, Let the gob - let ne'er be tir-ing; The
when each hand Doth grasp a brim - ming measure; The

s .,fe: s .,l |t :r' .r' | d' :t |d' :(s).s | l .s :f .m |r :d

sad - ness sinks and ev - 'ry woo Lies drowned be - neath its
po - et's song, and the sa - ge's lore, And the pa - triot's lof - ty
pledge shall be "Our Fath - er - land," And free - dom, friend - ship,

s {:s / :s₁} |d .d :- .s,s | l :l .,l |f :l .l | s :s |m :s .s

waves for ev-er. For naught can cheer the hearts that pine, Like a
soul in - spiring. For an off - 'ring meet at free - dom's shrine, Is a
love and pleasure. Then Hur- rah for the land of the pur - ple vine, And a

f :f |r :s .,f | m .,r :m .,f |s :s .s | l : | :l

deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine, Like a deep, deep
deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine, Is a deep, deep
deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine, And a deep, deep

s : | :s .s | f :f |r :s .,f | m .,r :m .,f |s

draught, Like a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine,
draught, Is a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine,
draught, And a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine,

Chorus.

f

:l .t | d' :— |— :l .t | d' :— |— :t .,l

Like a deep, deep draught, Liko a
Is a deep, deep draught, Is a
And a deep, deep draught, And a

: *f* :f .f |m :

Like a deep,
Is a deep,
And a deep,

:f |m :t₁ .,l₁

deep draught, Like a
deep draught, Is a
deep draught, And a

:l .l |s :

:l |s :t .,l

:f .f |d :

:f |d :t₁ .,l₁

D.S.

s .,l : t .,d' | r' : m' .,r' | d' : t | d' :
s, .,l, : t, .,d | r : s .,f | m : r | m :
deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine.
deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine.
deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine.
s .,l : t .,d' | r' : d' .,l | s : s | s :
s, .,l, : t, .,d | r : m .,f | s : s, | d :

Four Measures Instrumental.

When Other Lips.

(Then You'll Remember Me.)

Words by A. Bunn. Music by M. W. Balfe.

Key B♭. *Andante cantabile.*

Nine Measures Instrumental.

.s₂ : m,.d, | : s, | l, : t, | f : f
1. When oth - er lips and
2. When cold - ness or de -

f .m : m.r.d | d : – .t, | l, : d | t, : r | d : — | : s,
oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In
ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And

l, : t, | f : f | f .,m : m.r.d | d : – .t, | l, : – .,l, | m : – .,r
lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The power they feel so
deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams within your

cres.

s, : — | : s, | m : r .,t, | s, : s, | s,.l,.t, : d.r.re | m : m
well, There may per - haps in such a scene Some
eyes; When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask' Twill

dim.

m : t, | d :rdt,.l, | t, : — | — : s, | l, : t, | f : f
re - col - lec - tion be Of days that have as
break your own to see, In such a mo - ment

cres.

f .m : m.r.d | d : – .t, | l, : d | t, :dt,l,.s, | s : — | – .f : m .r
hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber me, And you'll re-
I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber me, That you'll re-

d .s, : fe, .s, { | m : – .r / | m .r: f .m } | d : | :
member, you'll re-mem - ber me.
member, you'll re-mem - ber me.

Four Measures Instrumental.

I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.

M. W. Balfe.

Key D. *Andante.* *Dolce assai.*

Six Measures Instrumental. | d' :— :— | — :— || s | s :d' :t
1. I | dreamt that I
2. I | dreamt that

s :t :l | s :t l :s | m :— :m | s :f :de
dwelt in | mar - ble | halls, With | vas - sals and
suit - - ors | sought my | hand, That | knights up - on

r :s :– .f | mrd :— :— | — :s :s | s :d' :t
serfs at my | side, | And of | all who as -
bend - ed | knee, | And with | vows no

s :t :l | s :t l :s | m :— :m | s :f :de
sembled with - | in those | walls That | I was the
maid - en | heart could with - | stand, They | pledged their

r :s :– .f | mrd :— :— | — :— :s .s | l :r' :d'
hope and the | pride; | I had | rich - es too
faith to | me; | And I | dreamt that

la :r' :d' | s :r' :d' | s :— :s .s | fe :s :l
great to | count, could | boast Of a | high an -
one of that | no - ble | host Came | forth my

dim.

t :— :t | t :— :— | — :l :s | s :d' :t
ces - - tral | name— | But I | al - so
hand to | claim— | But I | al - so

s :t :l | s :t l :s | m :— :m .m | s :f :de | r :— :f
dreamt, which | pleased me | most, That you | loved me | still the
dreamt, which | charmed me | most, That you | loved me | still the

cres.

m :f :s | l :t :d' | d' :r'd't :d' | r' :l :t | m :f :s
same, That you | loved me, you | loved me | still the | same, That you
same, That you | loved me, you | loved me | still the | same, That you

l :t :d' | d' :r'd't :d' | m'.r' :l :t | d' :— : | *Seven Measures Instrumental.*
loved me, you | loved me | still the | same.
loved me, you | loved me | still the | same.

The Heart Bowed Down.

KEY G. *Larghetto cantabile.* Music by BALFE.

Three Measures Instrumental. | d' : — | || s, | m : m | m : m |
1. The heart bowed down by
2. The mind will in its

| m,r,s, : r | — : s | s : m | s .,f : r,l,,t, | d : — | : s, |
weight of woe To weak-est hopes will cling; To
worst despair Still pon-der o'er the past; On

D.t.

| m : m | m : m | m,r,s, : r | — : sd' | d' : l | t : d't l.s |
thought and im-pulse, while they flow, That can no com-fort
mo-ments of de-light that were Too beau-ti-ful to

rall. f.G.

| s : se | l : t .d' | d' .m : l .s | se,l,t, : m .,r | d : | : ds, |
bring—That can, that can no com-fort bring; With
last— That were too beau-ti-ful, too beautiful to last! To

| r : r | r : r | r,d,m, : s, | — : d | t, : t, | d : rdt,df .m |
those ex-cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er
long de-part-ed years extend Its pleas-ure's path-way
vis-ions with them

| r : — | — : s, | m : m | m : m | m,r,s, : r | — : s |
thrown, But mem-'ry is the on-ly friend That
flown; For mem-'ry is the on-ly friend That

| s : m | s : f .r | m : — | — : d | m : — .m | f : — .r |
grief can call its own, That grief can call its
grief can call its own, That grief can call its

dolce.

| se : — | l : d .r | m : —.,r | f : —.,m | d : | : |
own, That grief can call its own.
own, That grief can call its own.

Three Measures Instrumental.

Sally in our Alley.

KEY C. *Allegretto.* H. CAREY.

Two Measures Instrumental. | d' ,t .l ,s :fe ,s .l ,t :d' . ,d² | d² . ||

.s	:s	.,d¹	d¹	:t	.d¹	:f¹	.,r¹	d¹	:t		:–	.d¹
1. Of	all	the	girls		that	are	so	smart				There's
2. Of	all	the	days		that's	in	the	week				I
3. When	Christ-mas		comes		a -	bout	a -	gain				O
4. My	mas -	ter	and		the	neighbours		all				Make

rall.

l	:–	.s	:s	.f	m	.d¹	:–	.s	:s	.d¹	d¹	:r'd't	.d¹	:f¹	.,r¹
none		like	pret-ty		Sal-ly,			She is		the	dar -	-		ling of	my
dear	-	ly	love but		one day,			And that's		the	day			that comes	be-
then		I	shall have		money;			I'll hoard		it	up			with box	and
game		of	me and		Sal-ly,			And but		for	her			I'd bet -	ter

a tempo.

d¹	:t		:d¹	l	:–	.s	:s	.f	m	.d¹	:–	.s	:s	.m
heart,			And	lives		in	our		al -	ley;		There	is	no
twixt			A	Sa	-	tur -	day and		Mon-day;			For	then	I'm
all			And	give		it	to	my	hon-ey;			Would	it	were
be			A	slave		and	row a		gal - ley;			But	when	my

s	:–	.ta	:l	.f	l	:—		:t	d¹	.l	:f¹	.m¹	:r¹	.d¹
la	-	dy	in	the	land			That's	half so		sweet		as	
drest		all	in	my	best,			To	walk a -		broad		with	
twice		ten	thousand		pounds,			I'd	give it		all		to	
seven		long	years are		out			I	then will		mar	-	ry	

t	.r¹	:–	.s	:f	.,m	m	:r	.d	:f¹	.,r¹	d¹	:tr'd't	:d¹	.r¹
Sal - ly,			She	is	the	dar	-		ling of	my	heart,		And	
Sal - ly,			She	is	the	dar	-		ling of	my	heart,		And	
Sal - ly,			She	is	the	dar	-		ling of	my	heart,		And	
Sal - ly,			And	hap -	py	ev	-		er strive	to	live,		But	

m¹	.l	:d¹	.t	:l	.s	s	.d¹	:–	.	:
lives in		our				al -	ley.			
lives in		our				al -	ley.			
lives in		our				al -	ley.			
not in		our				al -	ley.			

Four Measures Instrumental. ||

Hard Times, Come Again no More.

KEY E♭. Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Three Measures Instrumental. | d' : m' | d' : d .r | m : m .m | m .s : – .m |
1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and
2. While we seek mirth and beauty and

r .d : d .r | m : l .,s | s : m | m .d : r .,r | d : — | : d .r |
count its many tears, While we all sup sorrow with the poor; There's a
music light and gay, There are frail forms fainting at the door; Tho' their

m : m .m | m .s : – .m | r .d : d .r | m : l |
song that will ling - er for ev - er in our ears, Oh!
voi - ces are si - lent, their pleading looks will say, Oh!

s : m | m .d : r .,r | d : — | —
Hard times, come a - gain no more.
Hard times, come a - gain no more.

Chorus.—*May be sung first as a* SOLO, *then repeated in* CHORUS.

p

: m .f | s : .s | s : fe .s | l : — | s :
: d .r | m : .m | m : re .m | f : — | m :
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - - ry,
: d' .d' | d' : .d' | d' : d' .d' | d' : — | d' :
: d .d | d : .d | d : d .d | d : — | d :

d' : s | l : s | m .m : r .,d | r
m : m | f : m | d .d : l_1 .,l_1 | t_1
Hard times, Hard times, come a - gain no more;
d' : d' | d' : d' | s .s : fe .,fe | s
d : d | d : d | d .d : r .,r | s_1

: d .r | m : m .m | m .s : – .m | r .,d : d .r | m
: d .d | d : d .d | d .m : – .d | t_1 .,d : d .t_1 | d
Man - y days you have lingered a - round my cab - in door,
: m .f | s : s .s | s .s : – .s | f .,m : m .s | s
: d .d | d : d .d | d .d : – .d | s_1 .,s_1 : s_1 .s_1 | d

D.C.

:l̊ | s :m | m .d :r .,r | d :— |—
:d | d :d | d .d :t, .,t, | d :— |—
Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more!
:f | m :s | s .m :f .,f | m :— |—
:f, | s, :s, | s, :s, :s, .,s, | d :— |—

3. There's a pale, drooping maiden who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day—
Oh! Hard times, come again no more!

4. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave—
Oh! Hard times, come again no more!

The Guard Ship.

KEY G. *Andante maestoso.* Written and Composed by SAMUEL LOVER.

Four Measures Instrumental. | m, :s, | m, :s, | :S: s :f .m | r :d
1. See, at her an - chor
2. Steady's the word in

t, :— .d,r | d :(d).t, | l, :r .d | d .t, :m .r | d :— | :
rid - ing, Yon ship in state - ly pride,
war, boys, Where the Red cross wins the fight;

D.t.

s :f .m | r :— .d | t, :— .d,r | d : .ʳs | s :— .s | se :se.se
Safe thro' the storm a - bid - ing, Tho' wrecks a - bound, in
Stead - y's the word in peace, boys, When clouds grow dark o'er the

f.G

l :— .t | d̊' :t .l | s :d | m :— .r | d :— | :taf
ruin round, On the dark - ly rag - ing tide; "What
brave old bark, But the Red Cross still is bright.

f :f .f | m :l | f :— | :r | r :r .r | m :s
state - ly ship art thou? A - hoy! brave ship, a -
Ne'er shall that proud flag quail, Ne'er shall the bold crew

r :— | :s, | d :d .r | f .m :r .d | l, :— | :l,
hoy!" She lifts her haugh - ty prow, And
tire; Ne'er shall the an - chor fail That's

p legato.

r :m |s .f :m .r | d :— |t, :s, .s, | d :— |d :—
hoists her flag with joy, And the Red Cross
forged in Free - dom's fire. And the Red Cross

d .r :m .f |s :d | r :— |— :m .f | m :— |s :- .s
gleams through the storm so drear, And her
gleams through the storm so drear, And her

spiritoso.

f :s |m :f .m | r :- .m |r : .s | f :s |m :f .m
crew shout forth with a man - ly cheer, Her crew shout forth with a
crew shout forth with a man - ly cheer, Her crew shout forth with a

maestoso.

r .:- .m |r : | d :— |d :s, | l, :f, | :l,
man - ly cheer, 'Tis the Bri - tan - nia, Whose
man - ly cheer, 'Tis the Bri - tan - nia, Whose

f :m |r :d | s, :— | :m .f | s : |s :f
flag yet nev - er fell, In the fight, or the
flag yet nev - er fell, In the fight, or the

m.r :m .f |s :d .r | m :— |mr :— | d :— | :
storm, All's well! All's well! *D.S.*
storm, All's well? All's well! *Eight Measures Instrumental.*

Old Folks at Home.

Key D. *Moderato.* Written and Composed by S. C. Foster.

Seven Measures Instrumental. | d^2 :- - |— : | m :— |r .d :m .r
1. 'Way down upon de
2. All round de little
3. One lit - tle hut a -

d :d' |l .d' :— | s :— |m :- .d | r :— |— :
Swan - nee Ribber, Far, far a - way,
farm I wandered, When I was young,
mong de bushes, One dat I love,

m :— |r .d :m .r | d :d' |l .d' :— | s :m .,d|r :r
Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks
Den ma - ny happy days I squandered, Ma - ny de songs I
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rushes, No matter where I

d :— |— : | m :— |r .d :m .r | d :d' |l :d'
stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,
sung. When I was playing wid my brud - der,
rove. When will I see de bees a - hum - ming,

s :— |m :d | r :— |— : | m :— |r .d :m .r
Sad - ly I roam, Still longing for de
Hap - py was I, Oh! take me to my
All round de comb? When will I hear de

d :d' |l :d' | s :m .,d|r :m .,r | d :— |— :
old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

Chorus. *mf*

t :- .d' |r' :s | s :- .l |s :d' | d' :l |f :l
r :- .r |r :f | m :- .f |m :m | f :f |f :f
All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - where I
s :- .l |t :t | d' :- .d' |d' :ta | l :f |l :d'
s, :- .s, |s, :s, | d :- .d |d :d | f, :f, |f, :f,

s :— |— : | m :— |r .d :m .r | d :d' |l :d'
m :— |— : | d :— |d .d :d .d | d :m |f :f
roam, Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows wear - y,
d' :— |— : | s :— |f .m :s .f | m :s |l :l
d :— |— : | d :— |d .d :d .d | d :d |f, :f,

D.C.

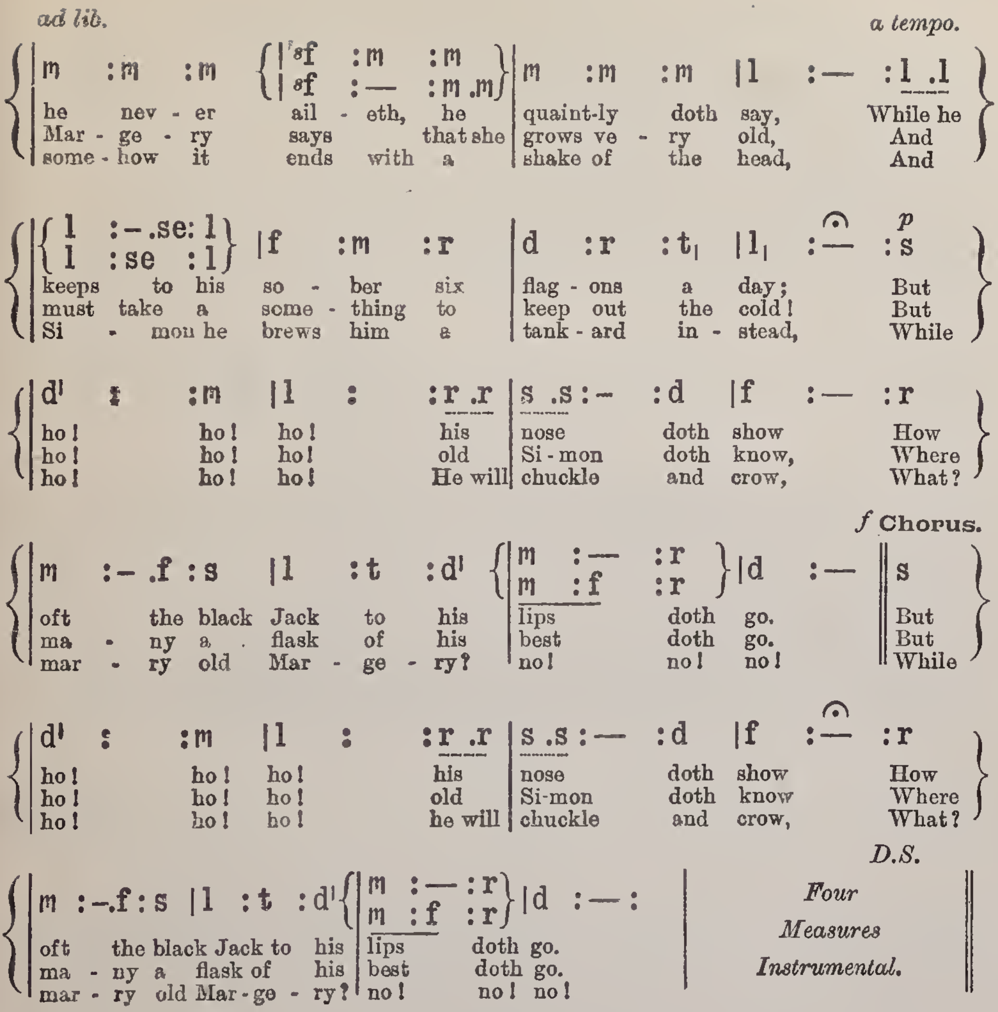
s :m .,d |r :m .,r | d :— |— :
m :d .,d |t, :t, .,t, | d :— |— :
Far from de old folks at home.
d' :s .,m |f :s .,f | m :— |— :
s, :s, .,s, |s, :s, .,s, | d :— |— :

Simon the Cellarer.

KEY D. *Allegretto.* 𝄋 *p*

Seven Measures Instrumental.

												m	*:f*	*:r*	*|d*	*:—*	s
																	1. Old
																	2. Dame
																	3. Old
d'	:–	.t	:l	|s	:m	:f	s	:d	:r	|m	:—	:s	.s				
Si	-	mon	the	cel	- lar	- er	keeps	a	large	store		Of					
Mar	-	ge -	ry	sits	in	her	own		still	room,		And a					
Si	-	mon	re -	clines	in	his	high	-	backed	chair,		And					
d'	:t	:l	|m	:—	:fe	s	:—	:—	|—	:—	:s						
d'	:–	.d'	:l	|m	.m :—	:fe											
Malm -	sey	and	Mal	-	- voi -	sie,						And					
ma -	tron		sage		is	she,						From					
talks	a -	bout	tak-ing		a	wife;						And					
l	:–	.se:	l	|r'	:– .de'	:r'	s	:–.fe:	s	|d'	:—	:s	.s				
l	:se	:l		|r'	:de'	:r'	s	:fe	:s	|d'	:—	:s					
Cyp -	rus,	and	who	can	say	how	ma-ny	more,		For a							
thence	oft	at	Cur -	few	is	waft -	ed	a	fume,		She						
Mar -	ge -	ry	of -	ten	is	heard	to	de -	clare.		She						
s	:–	.f	:m	|f	.f :—	:f	f	:—	:—	|m	:—	:m					
cha -	ry	old	soul		is	he,						A					
says	it	is	Rose	-	ma -	rie,						She					
ought	to	be	set-tled		in	life,						She					
r	:s	:l	|t	:d'	:l	s	:—	:—	|—	:—	:s,						
cha -	ry	old	soul		is	he;						Of					
says	it	is	Rose	-	ma -	rie;						But					
ought	to	be	set -	tled	in	life;						But					
s,	:l,	:t,	|d	:m	:s	l	:s	:fe	|s	:—	:s	.s					
Sack	and	Ca -	na -	ry	he	nev -	er	doth	fail,		And						
there's	a	small	cup -	board	be -	hind	the	back	stair,		And the						
Mar -	ge -	ry	has	(so	the	maids	say)	a	tongue,		And she's						
t	:s	:s	|d'	:s	:s	f	:m	:f	|m	:—	:m						
all	the	year	round	there	is	brew -	ing	of	ale,		Yet						
maids	say	they	of -	ten	see	Mar -	ge -	ry	there;		Now						
not	ve -	ry	hand -	some,	and	not	ve -	ry	young;		So						

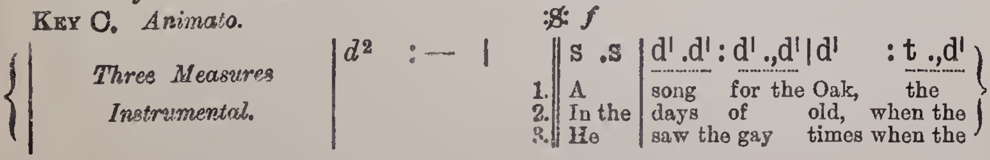


The Brave Old Oak.

Words by H. F. Chorley.

Music by E. J. Loder.

Key C. *Animato.*



r' .d' : t .l | s : m .,f | s .,s : s .,f | m : r | d : — | — : s .s

brave old Oak, That hath ruled in the green-wood long; Here's
spring with gold Was light - ing his branches grey, Thro' the
Christ -mas chimes Were a merry, merry sound to hear, And the

d' : d' .,d' | d' : t .d' | r' .d' : t .l | s : m .f | s : s .,f | m : r

health and renown to his broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so
grass at his feet crept maid - ens sweet To gath - er the dew of
squire's wide hall and cot - tage small Were full of good Eng - lish

d : — | — : m .,fe | s : l .l | t : r' .,d' | t : l | s : s .,fe

strong; There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the
May, And all that day to the re - beck gay, They
cheer; Now gold hath its sway we all o - bey, And a

piu lento.

m : l .,t | l .se : ba.se | l : — | — : l .,t | d' : m .,f | s : f .,s

fire in the west fades out, And he show - eth his might on a
fro - licked with love - some swains: They are gone, they are dead, in the
ruth - less king is he, But he nev - er shall send our

rall. *mf*

l : l, .,t, | d : d .,r | m : m .,f | m : m | l, : — | — : m .,f

wild mid - night, When storms thro' his branches shout. Then
church -yard laid— But the tree he still re - mains.
an - cient friend To be tossed on the storm - y sea.

s : l .,t | d' : m .f | s : l .,t | d' : – .d' | d' : d' .,t | l : s

here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak, Who stands in his pride a -

rit.

m : — | — : m .,f | s : l .t | d' : m .,f | s : l .t | d' : t .,l

lone, And still flourish he, a hale green tree, When a

D.S.

s : d' | t : m' .,r' | d' : — | — :

hun - dred years are gone.

Four Measures Instrumental

'Tis but a Little Faded Flower.

KEY G. *Andante semplice.* J. R. THOMAS.

Two Measures Instrumental. | r . : | s . : | s :d .,r|d .t, :l, .t,
1. 'Tis but a lit - tle fa - ded
2. Where is the heart that doth not

d :— | :d | f :-.m |m .r :r .l, | t, :— | :s,
flower, But oh! how fond - ly dear, 'Twill
keep, With - in its in - most core, Some

espress.

m :- .m |r .d :s, .ta, | l, :— | :f | f .m :- .d |m,m.r :l, .t,
bring me back one golden hour, Through many, through many a weary
fond remembrance, hidden deep, Of days, of days that are no

p D.t.

d :— | :m | m :-.f |m .d :t, .r | d :— | :df
year. I may not to the world im- part The
more? Who hath not saved some trifling thing, More

cres.

l .s :- .s |t .l :l,s,f | m :— | :s | se.l :l .t,d' |r' :-.f
secret, the secret of its power, But treasured in my in - most
prized, more prized than jewels rare, A fad-ed flower—a bro - ken

dim. *p ritard.*

m :— | :s | d' :-.t |l :-.t | s :— | .f :s .l
heart, I keep my fad - ed flower, I keep my
ring— A tress of gold - en hair, A tress of

f.G.

m :— |f :- .r | d :— | : | d's :d .,r|d .t, :l, .t,
fad - ed flower. 'Tis but a lit - tle fad-ed
gold - en hair?

d :— | :d | f :- .m |m .r :r .l, | t, :— | :s,
flower, But oh! how fond - ly dear, 'Twill

s :- .m |d .s, :fe, .s, | l, :— | :f
bring me back one gold - en hour, Through

poco ritard. D.S.

f .m :- .d |m,m.r :l, .t, | d :— | : | *Two Measures Instrumental.*
many, through many a weary year.

Cherry Ripe.

KEY D. *Andantino.* C. E. HORN.

Three Measures Instrumental.

d',l.f,r: d .t,|r :d . | m .s : s |l .s : s
Cherry ripe! Cherry ripe!

s : .d',r'|d' : t | d' :- .t |t .l : s | f .s,f : m .f,m|r : s .
Ripe! I cry; Full and fair ones come and buy!

m .s : s |l .s : s | d' : m',r'|d' : r'd't . | d' :-.d'|r' .d' : l .f
Cherry ripe! Cherry ripe! Ripe! I cry; Full and fair ones

m,s.- : f,r.- |d : | d' :- .d'|r' .d' : l .f | m .s : t, .,r|d :
come and buy!

A.t.

sd :- .d | rd :- .d | f :- .m |m :fmr | s, :-.l,,t,|d :-.d
If so be you ask me where They do grow, I

t, .l, : m .r |d .t, : — | s :- .m |f :- sfmr | d :-.r,m|s, :
an - swer there Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile,

ad lib.

s :- .m |s .f : m .r | d :-.r,m|s, : | d :- .t,|l, .t,: d .m,r
There's the land or Cher - ry Isle— There's the land or

f.D. *p*

d :- .t, |d : | 1m.s : s |l .s : s | s : .d',r'|d' : t
Cher - ry Isle. Cherry ripe! Cherry ripe! Ripe! I cry;

d' :- .t |t .l : s | f .s,f: m .f,m|r : s . | m .s : s |l .s : s
Full and fair ones come and buy! Cherry ripe! Cherry ripe!

d' : m' .r'|d' : r'd't | d' :- .d'|r' .d' : l .f | m,s.- : f,r.-|d :
Ripe! I cry; Full and fair ones come and buy!

d' :- .d' |t :-.l,s| l :- .l |s :— | f :-.s,f|m :d'
Where the sun - beams sweet - ly smile, There's the land or

r :-.f,m|r : | ta :-.ta|ta.l : l | d' :- .d'|d' : t
Cher - ry Isle; There plan-ta - tions ful - ly show

d' :- .d' | d'.l : f .r | t,.l : s .f | f :m | l :- .t | d'.s : f .m
All the year where cher - ries grow, All the year where

m .r : d .t, | d : | m .s : s | s .f : f .l | l : s .f | f :m .
cher - ries grow. Cherry ripe! Cher-ry ripe! Ripe! I cry;

rall.

d' :- .d' | r' .d' : l .f | m .s : f .r | d : | d' : t .l | l .s : f .m
Full and fair ones come and buy! Full and fair ones

r :— | s :— | d :— | — :d | d :— | — :—
come and buy!

Comin' Thro' the Rye.

Words by Burns.
Key B♭.

s, .,s, : s, ,m.- | r .,d : r ,m.- | s, ,s, .- : l, .,s, | d :- . || .(s,)
1.
2.
3.
4. A -

s, .,s, : s, ,m .- | r .,d : r ,m .- | s, ,s, .- : l, .,s, | d :- .(s,)
Gin a body meet a body Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the toon,
mang the train there is a swain I dearly lo'e mysel' But

s, .,s, : s .,m | r .,d : r ,m .- | s, .,s, : l, .,s, | d :- .
Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo-dy Need a bo - dy cry?
Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo-dy Need a bo - dy tell?
Gin a bo - dy greet a bo-dy Need a bo - dy froun
whaur's his hame, or what's his name, I din - na care to tell!

s .,m : d ,m .- | r .,d : r ,m .- | s .,m : d .m ,s | l :- .l
Il - ka lassie has a laddie, Nane, they say, hae I; Yet
Il - ka lassie has a laddie, Nane, they say, hae I; Yet
Il - ka lassie has a laddie, Nane, they say, hae I; But
Il - ka lassie has a laddie, Nane, they say, hae I; But

s .,m :f .,r |m .,d :r .,m | s,,s,.– : l, .,s,|d :–.

a' the lads they smile on me When comin' thro' the rye.
a' the lads they smile on me When comin' thro' the rye.
a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the waur am I?
a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the waur am I?

Two Measures Instrumental.

The Gipsy Countess.

Words by Mrs. Crawford. Music by Stephen Glover.

Key A. *Allegro moderato.* 𝄋 Gipsy.

Eight Measures Instrumental. | d :d :d .,r | m :–.m :m | m :m :m

1. Oh! how can a poor gip - sy
2. Go, flat - er - er, go! I'll not

l :s :d | m :— :s, .,d | m :–.m :m | s :–.f :m

maid - en like me, Ev - er hope the proud bride of a
trust to thine art; Go, leave me, and tri - fle no

m :r :s, | r :— :d .r | m :— :m .m | m .m :— :m .m

no - ble to be? To some bright jewelled beauty thy
more with my heart! Go, leave me to die in my

l :s :d | m :— :m .m | s :— :f .,r | d :m :–.d

vows will be paid, And thou wilt for- get her, the
own na - tive shade, And be- tray not the heart of the

t, :r :s, | m :— :m .,m | s :— :f .,r | d :m :–.s

poor gip - sy maid, And thou wilt for- get her, the
poor gfp - sy maid, And be- tray not the heart of the

Earl. E.t. *con anima.*

l :–.s :f .,r | d :— : t,m.f | s :— :fe.l { s :— / s :d' } :d .m

poor gip-sy maid. A - way with that thought, I am
poor gip-sy maid. I have lands and proud dwellings, and

s :— :fe.l | s :— :s .,l { s :f :–.r / s .f :r :— } | f :m :d

free, I am free To de- vote all the love of my
all shall be thine, A cor-o-net, Zil - lah, that

dim.

r :f :- .m | r :— :m .f | s :— :fe.l | s :d' :m

spir - it to thee; Young rose of the wil - der - ness,
brow shall en - twine; Thou shalt nev - er have rea - son my

cres.

s .s :— :fe.l | s :— :s .l | s :f :- .r | d :m :- .d

blushing and sweet! All my heart, all my for - tune I
faith to up - braid, For a count - ess I'll make thee, my

t, :s :- .r | m :— :s .l | s :f :- .r | d :m : .s

lay at thy feet, All my heart, all my for - tune I
own gip - sy maid, For a count - ess I'll make thee, my

f.A. **Gipsy.**

: : | : : | : : | : :s, .s,

That can
Shall I

t :- .l :f .r | d :— :ds, .s, | f :r :- .t, | s, :— :

lay at thy feet. By you bright moon a - bove,
own gip-sy maid. Then fly with me now,

m :r .d :t, .l, | s, :— : | : : | : .s, :s,

change, like man's love!
trust to thy vow?

That night's
Wilt thou

: : | : :s, .,s, | f :r :t, | s, :— :

By the sun's con - stant ray!
Oh, yes! come a - way.

a tempo.

m :r .d :t, .l, | s, :— :d .r | m .m :— :m | m :m :m

tears chase a - way. Oh, nev-er by thee will my
nev - er be - tray? No, nev-er by thee will my

: : | : :d .t, | d .d :— :d | d :d :d

Oh, nev-er by me shall thy
No, nev-er by me shall thy

l :s :m | s :— :s .,l | s :f :f .,s | f :m :m .,f

trust be be - trayed, Thou wilt love me for ev - er, thine
trust be be - trayed, And to- mor - row thou'lt wed me, thine

f :m :d | m :— :m .,f | m :r :r .,m | r :d :d .,r

trust be be - trayed, I will love thee for ev - er, mine
trust be be - trayed, And to-mor - row I'll wed thee, mine

m :r :r | m :— :s .,l | s :f :f .,s | f .m :— :m
own gip - sy | maid, Thou wilt | love me for | ev-er, thine
own gip - sy | maid, And to- | mor - row thou'lt | wed me, thine

d :t, :t, | d :— :m .,f | m :r :r .,m | r .d :— :d
own gip - sy | maid, I will love thee for | ev-er, mine
own gip - sy | maid, And to-mor - row I'll | wed thee, mine

D.S.

s :- .f :m .,r | d :— :
own gip - sy | maid.
own gip - sy | maid.

t, :- .l, :s, .,f, | m, :— :
own gip - sy maid.
own gip - sy maid.

Seven Measures Instrumental.

The White Squall.

Key B♭. *Allegretto.* Music by G. A. Barker.

Fifteen Measures Instrumental. | d' :— :— | d :—

𝄋

:s, | m :— :— |— :— :t, | d :— :— |— :t, :l,
1. The sea was bright, and the
2. They neared the land where in

s, :— : | f, :— : | m, :— :— |— : :m,
bark rode well, The
beau - - ty smiles, The

m, :— :— |— :ba, :se, | l, :— :— |— :t, :d
breeze bore the tone of the
sun - - - - ny shore of the

f

r :— :— | m :— :— | l, :— : | :d :d
ves - - - per bell; 'Twas a
Gre - - - cian Isles; All

d :— : | d :— : | d :— :— |— :d :d
gal - - - lant bark, with
thought of home, of that

r :— : |m :— : | r :— :— |— :— :s
crew as brave As
wel - - - come dear, Which

dim.

s :— :— |m :— :— | d :— :— |— :r :m
ev - - - er launched on the
soon should greet each

r :— :— |m :— :— | r :— :— |— :— :s
heav - - - ing wave, As
wan - - - d'rer's ear, Which

s :— :— |m :— :— | d :— :— |— :r :m
ev - - - er launched on the
soon should greet each

f

r :— :— |— :d :l, | s, :— :— |— :m :m
heav - - - - - - ing wave; She
wan - - - - - - d'rer's ear, And in

stacc.

m : : |m :— :m | m :— :— |— :r :m
shone in the light of de -
fan - - cy joined the

d :— : |d :— : | d :— :— |— :t, :d
clin - - - ing day, And each
so - - - cial throng, In the

r :— : |r :— : | r :— : |r :— :d
sail was set, and each
fes - - tive dance, and the

ad lib.

t, :r :d |l, :d :t, | s, :— :— |s, :— :l,s,fe,s,l,t,d r re
heart was gay, She
joy - - ous song, And in

m :— :— |— :r :d | s, :— :— |— :fe, :s,
shone in the light of de -
fan - - - - cy joined the

m :— :— |— :r :d | s, :— :— |— :fe, :s,
clin - - - - ing | day, And each
so - - - - cial | throng, In the

f :— :— |r :— :— | l, :— :— |— :se, :l,
sail was | set, and each
fes - - tive | dance, and the

f :— :— |r :— :— | s :— :— |— :— :—
heart was | gay,
so - - cial | throng,

— :— :f |m :— :r | s :— :— |— :— :—
and each | heart
and the | joy - - - - -

— :— :— |t, :— :— | d :— :— |— :— :—
was | gay,
- - ous | song.

— :— :— |— :— : | d' :— : |m' :— :

D.S.

d :— :— |— :— ‖ s, | m :— :— |— :— :t,
3. A | white cloud

d :— :— |— :t, :l, | s, :— :— |f, :— :—
glides thro' the | az - - ure

m, :— :— |— :— :m, | m, :— :— |— :ba, :se,
sky, What | means that

l, :— :— |— :t, :d | r :— :— |m :— :—
wild de - | spair - - ing

Andante. With expression.

l, :— :— |— :— ‖ d | d :- .s, |fe, .s, :r .,t,
cry? Fare - | well the visioned scenes of

d : — | : d .de | r : - .l, | se, .l, : f .,m
home! Fare - well the visioned scenes of

Recitative.
s.d.f.D♭. *Bold.*

r : — | .rt : t .,t | d' : .d',d' | d' : r'd't .,l
home! That cry is help, where no help can

a tempo.

m' : .m | m' .r' : - .d' | d' : s .,s | s .m' : r' .,t
come, That cry is help, where no help can

dolorosa.

d' : — | — : m' | r' : d' | t : l | se : — | — : m
come! Fare - well the vi - sion'd scenes of

B♭.t.m.l.
ad lib. *A tempo. Allegro.*

l : — | — : l .t | d' : - .t | l .t,l : se.,l | t : — | ‖ refe, : s,
home; Fare - well the vision'd scenes of home: For the

m : — : — | d : — : — | s, : — : — | — : fe, : s,
white squall rides on the

m : — : — | d : — : — | s, : — : — | — : fe, : s,
surg - - ing wave, And the

f : — : — | r : — : — | l, : — : — | — : se, : l,
bark is gulphed in an

f : — : — | r : — : — | l, : — : — | : m : m
o - - cean grave! For the

m : — : — | m : — : — | m : — : — | m : — : m
white squall rides on the

m : — : — | m : — : — | m : — : — | — : re : m
surg - - ing wave, And the

d̂	:—	:—	d̂	:—	:—	d̂	:—	:—	d̂	:—	:d
bark			is			gulphed			in		an

Più Allegro.

d̂	:—	:—	d̂	:—	:—	d̂	:—	:—	|	:s,	:s,
o	.	.	cean			grave!				For	the
m̂	:—	:—	t,	:—	:—	d	:—	:—	s,	:—	:s,
white			squall			rides			on		the
m	:—	:—	t,	:—	:—	d	:—	:—	|—	:l,	:l,
surg	.	.	ing			wave,				And	the
f	:—	:—	de	:—	:—	r	:—	:—	l,	:—	:l,
bark			is			gulphed			in		an
f	:—	:—	de	:—	:—	r	:—	:—	|—	:s,	:s,
o	.	.	cean			grave!				For	the
m	:—	:	r	:—	:	d	:—	:—	t,	:—	:t,
white			squall			rides			on		the
l,	:—	:	s,	:—	:	f,	:—	:s,	l,	:—	:t,
surg	.	.	ing			wave,			And		the
d	:—	:r	m	:—	:f	s	:—	:—	|—	:—	:—
bark			is			gulphed					
m	:—	:—	|—	:—	:m	f	:—	:—	|—	:—	:—
in					an	o	.	.	.	.	.
r	:—	:—	|—	:—	:—	s	:—	:—	|—	:—	:—
cean						grave!					

{ | m :— :— |— :— :m | f :— :— |— :— :— }
in an o . . . . .

{ | r :— :— |— :— :— | s :— :— |— :— :— }
cean grave!

{ | l :— :— |— :— :l | s :— :— |— :— :— }
in an o . . . . .

{ | — :— :— |t, :— :— | d :— :— |— :— : | *Six Measures Instrumental.* ‖
. . cean grave!

Nazareth.

English words by
HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Composed to French words of A. PORTE by
CHARLES GOUNOD.

KEY E♭. *Moderato quasi Andante.*

{ | m :s :d' |t :d' :s | m :s :d' |t :d' :s | m :s :f |m :d :r }

{ | r :- :- |d :- : | *p* d :- :- |m :r :d | r :- :- |d : :d }
Tho' poor be the cham - ber, Come

{ | s :- :- |l :t :l | s :- :- |- : : | d' :- :d' |t :l :s }
here, come and a - dore; Lo! the Lord of

{ | l :- :t | *dim.* m :- : | f :- :f | *cres.* m :r :d | r :- :m |l, :- : }
Hea - ven Hath to mor - tals giv - en

{ | f :s :l |m :- :r | d :- : | : : | s :- :s |s :- :s }
Life for ev - er - more, Life for ev - er-

s :- :- |- : : | d' : t : l | s :- : s | d :- :- |- :- :-
more, Life for ev - er- more.

- :- :- |- : : | d : s : f | m : d : r | r :- :- | d :- :

mf B♭.t.
s d :- :- | s, :- : s, | l, :- :- | m, :- :- | f, :- :- | m, : r, : d,
Shep - herds who fold - ed your flocks be-

r, :- :- | m, : : | d :- :- | s, :- : s, | l, :- :- | : : m,
side you, Tell what was told by

f, :- : f, | m, : r, :-.d, | d, :- :- |- : : *f* s, | d :- :- | r :- :-
an - gel voi - ces near: "To you this

r.s.d.f.B♭.
D.t.m.l.r. *p*
m :- :- |- : : m d' | d' :- :- | r' : s : r' | d' :- :- | d : : d m,
night is born He who will guide you Thro'

d :- :- | r :- :- | r :- : | m :- :- | m : r : m | d :—: r
paths of peace to liv - ing wa - ters

f.E♭. *p*
d s :- :- |- : : | d :- :- | m : r : d | r :- :- | d : : d
clear." Tho' poor be the cham - ber; Come

s :- :- | l : t : l | s :- :- |- : : | d' :- : d' | t : l : s
here, come and a - dore; Lo! the Lord of

l :- : t | m :- : | f :- : f | m : r : d | r :- : m | l, :- :
Hea - ven Hath to mor - tals giv - en

f : s : l | m :- : r | d :- :- |- :- :- | - :- :- |- : :
Life for ev - er - more.

B♭.t.

{ | d :s :f | m :d :r | r :- :- | d :- : || sd :- :- | s, :- :s, }
Kings from a

{ | l, :- :- | m, :- :m, | f, :- :- | m, :r, :d, | r, :- :- | m, : :
far land, draw near and be- hold Him,

{ | d :- :- | s, :- :s, | l, :- :- | m, :- :- | f, :- :f, | m, :r, :-.d, }
Led by the beam whose warn - ing bade you

D.t.m.l.r.

{ | d, :- :- | - : :s, | d :- :- | r :- :- | m :- :- | - :- :md' }
come; Your crowns cast down, with

r.s.d.f.B♭.

pp

{ | d' :- :- | r' :s :r' | d' :- :- | d : :dm, | d :- :- | r :- :- }
robe roy - al en- fold Him, Your King des - -

f.E♭.

{ | r :- :- | m :- :- | m :r :m | d :- :r | ds :- :- | - : : }
cends to earth from bright - er home.

pp

{ | d :- :- | m :r :d | r :- :- | d : :d | s :- :- | l :t :l }
Tho' poor be the cham - ber, Come here, come and a -

{ | s :- :- | - : : | d' :- :d' | t :l :s | l :- :t | m :- : }
dore; Lo! the Lord of Hea - ven

{ | f :- :f | m :r :d | r :- :m | l, :- : | f :s :l | m :- :r }
Hath to mor - tals giv - en Life for ev - er-

{ | d :- :- | - :- :- | - :- :- | - : : | d :s :f | m :d :r }
more.

B♭.t.

{ | r :- :- | d :- : || sd :- :- | s, :- :s, | l, :- :- | m, : :m, }
Wind, to the ce - dars pro-

{ | f, :- :f, | m, :r, :d, | r, :- :- | m, : : | d :- :- | s, :- :s, }
claim the joy - ful sto - ry; Wave of the

{ | l, :- :- | : :m, | f, :- :f, | m, :r, :-.d, | d, :- :- | - : :s, }
sea, the tid - ings bear a- far, The

D.t.m.l.r.

{ | d :- :- | r :- :- | m :- :- | - : :md' | d' :- :d' | r' :s :r' }
night is gone! Be- hold in all its

r.s.d.f.B♭.

{ | d' :- :- | d : :dm, | d :- :- | r :- :- | r :- :- | d :s :-.f }
glo - ry, All broad and bright ris - es th'E-

rit. f.E♭.

{ | m :- :m | s, :m :-.r | ds :- :- | - : : | d :- :- | m :r :d }
ter - nal Morn - ing Star. Tho' poor be the

{ | r :- :- | d : :d | s :- :- | l :t :l | s :- :- | - : : }
cham - ber, Come here, come and a- dore;

{ | d' :- :d' | t :l :s | l :- :t | m :- : | f :- :f | m :r :d }
Lo! the Lord of Hea - ven Hath to mor - tals

{ | r :- :m | l, :- : | f :s :l | m :- :r | d :- : | : : }
giv - en Life for ev - er- more,

cres. rit.

{ | s :- :s | s :- :s | s :- :- | - : : | d' :t :l | s :- :s }
Life for ev - er- more, Life for ev - er-

{ | d :- :- | - :- :- | - : : | : : ‖
more!

He shall Feed His Flock.

KEY F. *Larghetto.* *From* "MESSIAH"—HANDEL.

Three Measures Instrumental. | *s* :– *f* : *m* | *f* :–.*m* : *r* | *d* :— :— | — :— : s
He

— :— : f | m :— : r | d :— :— | s_1 :— : t_1
shall feed His flock like a

d :— : r | m :–.f : s | s_1 :— :— | : : s
shep - - - - - - - herd: and

s :— : f | m :— : r | d :— : t_1 | d :— : d
He shall gath - - er the

l :— : s | fe : m : r | d :— :— | — :— :—
lambs with His arm,

t_1 : l_1 : d | t_1 :–.d : l_1 | s_1 :— :— | — :— :—
with His arm.

s :— : *f* | *m* :— : *r* | *d* :— :— | — :— : s
He

— :— : f | m :— : r | d :— :— | s_1 :— : t_1
shall feed His flock like a

d :— : r | m :– .f : s | s_1 :— :— | : : s
shep - - - - - herd: and

s :— : f | m :— : r | d :— : t_1 | d :— : d
He shall gath - - er the

l :— : s | fe : m : r | d :— :— | — :— :—
lambs with His arm,

t_1 : l_1 : d | t_1 :– .d : l_1 | s_1 :— :— | — :— :—
with His arm,

{ | s :— :f | m :— :r | de :— :— | — :— :s }
and

{ | s :— :f | m :— :r | de :— :— | r :— :— }
car - - ry them

{ | m :— :f | f :— :m | r :— :— | :r }
in His bo - - som, and

{ | l, :— :se, | l, :— :t, | d :— :t, | d :— :r }
gent - ly lead those that

{ | m :— :r | m :— :f | s :— :— | — :— :s }
are with young, and

{ | r :— :d | r :— :m | f :— :— | — :— :f }
gent - ly lead those, and

{ | m :-.f :m | r :— :d | t, :-.l, :s, | s :— :f }
gent - - - - ly lead those that

{ | m :— :— | r :— :d | d :— :— | — :— :— }
are with young.

f. B♭.

{ | d's :— :f | m :— :r | d :— :— | — :— :t, }

Soprano Solo.

{ | l, :-.t, :s, | t, :— :l, | s, :— :— | — :— :s }
Come

{ | — :— :f | m :— :r | d :— :— | — :— :t, }
un - - to Him, all

{ | d :— :r | m :-.f :s | s, :— :— | :s }
ye that la - - - bour, Come

{ | — :— :f | m :— :r | d :— :— | — :— :d }
un - to Him, ye

l	:—	:s	|fe	:m	:r	|d.t,	:d	:—	|—	:—	:r	
that		are	heav	-	y	la -	den,				and	
t,	:l,	:d	|t,	:d	:l,	|s,	:—	:—	|—	:—	:—	
He		will	give		you	rest.						
s	:—	:*f*	|*m*	:—	:*r*	|*d*	:—	:—	|—	:—	:s	
											Come	
—	:—	:f	|m	:—	:r	|d	:—	:—	|—	:—	:t,	
			un	-	to	Him,					all	
d	:—	:r	|m	:-.f	:s	|s,	:—	:—	|	:	:s	
ye		that	la	- -	-	bour,					Come	
—	:—	:f	|m	:—	:r	|d	:—	:—	|	:	:d	
			un	- -	to	Him,					ye	
l	:—	:s	|fe	:m	:r	|d.t,	:d	:—	|—	:—	:r	
that		are	heav	-	y	la -	den,				and	
t,	:l,	:d	|t,	:d	:l,	|s,	:—	:—	|—	:—	:—	
He		will	give		you	rest.						
s	:—	:*f*	|*m*	:—	:*r*	|*de*	:—	:*r*	|*m*	:—	:*f*	
s	:—	:f	|m	:—	:r	|de	:—	:—	|r	:—	:m	
Take		His	yoke		up -	on			you,		and	
f	:—	:—	|m	:—	:r	|r	:—	:—	|	:	:r	
learn					of	Him,					for	
l,	:—	:se,	|l,	:—	:t,	|d	:—	:t,	|d	:—	:r	
He			is			meek					and	

m	:—	:r	|m	:—	:f	|s	:—	:—	|—	:—	:s
low	-	-	ly		of	heart,					and
r	:—	:d	|r	:—	:m	|f	:—	:—	|—	:—	:f
ye			shall		find	rest,					and
m	:—	:—	|r	:—	:d	|t,	:—	:d	|	:	:f
ye			shall		find	rest					un -
m	:—	:—	|r	:—	:d	|d	:—	:—	|—	:—	:—
to					your	souls.					
s	:—	:*f*	|*m*	:—	:*r*	|*de*	:—	:*r*	|*m*	:—	:*f*
s	:—	:f	|m	:—	:r	|de	:—	:—	|r	:—	:m
Take		His	yoke		up -	on			you,		and
f	:—	:—	|m	:—	:r	|r	:—	:—	|	:	:r
learn					of	Him,					for
l,	:—	:se,	|l,	:—	:t,	|d	:—	:t,	|d	:—	:r
He			is			meek					and
m	:—	:r	:m	:—	:f	|s	:—	:—	|—	:—	:s
low	-	-	ly		of	heart,					and
r	:—	:d	|r	:—	:m	|f	:—	:—	|—	:—	:f
ye		shall	find			rest,					and
m	:—	:—	|r	:—	:d	|s	:—	:—	|—	:—	:l
ye			shall		find	rest					un -
m	:—	:—	|r	:—	:d	|d	:—	:—	|—	:—	:—
to					your	souls.					

Four Measures Instrumental.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

KEY B♭. *With repose.* J. P. KNIGHT.

Two Measures Instrumental. | l' :-,s'.f',r' | t .s :f .r | d :— | t,dd' : (.s,)
2. And

s, :s, .,s, | fe,.s,: d .r | m :— | - .m :re.m | s :— | - .f :m .r
1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to
such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the

d :— | — : .s, | s, :-.s, | fe,.s,: d .r | m :— | - .m :m .fe
sleep; Se - cure, I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O
brine; Or though the tempest's fiery breath Roused me from

s :fe.,m | t, .d :- .t, | m, :— | — : .m | m :-.m | re .m : f .,m
Lord, hast power to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my
sleep to wreck and death, In o - cean cave still safe with

p
r :— | — : .r | r :-.r | de .r : m .,r | d :— | — : .s,
call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall, And
Thee, The hope of im-mor-tal-i- ty; And

s, :-.s, | fe,.s,: d .r | m :— | s : | s, :s,.,s, | s, .f :m .,r
calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the
calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the

pp
m :— | — : .s, | s, :-.s, | fe,.s,: d .r | m :— | s :
deep, And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
deep, And calm and peaceful is my sleep,

s, :s, .,s, | fe,.s,: m .,r | d :— | — :— | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ||
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Gathering Shells.

SONG AND CHORUS.

KEY B♭. *Moderato.* Words and Music by W. THOMPSON.

Three Measures Instrumental.

d :— |— ‖ :𝄋 s₁ | s₁ :d .,r|m :r .,d

1. I wan - der'd to-day on the
2. Oh, don't you re-mem - ber the
3. But now we are grow - ing in

f :— |l₁ : .l₁ | s₁ :m₁.,f₁|s₁.s₁ {:d / :d.t₁} | r :— |— :s₁ .s₁

sea - - shore, The winds and the waves were low, And I
day, Maud, The last time we wandered on the shore, Our
years, Maud, Our locks are all silvered and gray, Yet the

s₁ :d .,r|m :r .,d | f :— |l₁ :(l₁.l₁) | s₁ .s₁:m .m |r :l₁ .t₁

thought of the days that are gone, Maud, Many long years a-
hearts were so joy - ous and gay, Maud, For you promised to be mine ev-er-
vows that we made on the shore, Maud, Are fresh in our mem'ries to-

d :— |— :s₁ .s₁ | r :de.r|f .f :l₁.,t₁ | d :— |s₁ :s₁ .s₁

go. Ah! those were the happiest days of all, Maud, Not a
more. Then the shells they were whiter than ev - - er, And the
day. There still is a charm in those bright shells, And the

l₁ :l₁ .l₁|r .d :t₁ .d | {r :— |s / r :— |—} :s₁ .s₁ | s₁ :d .,r|m :r .d

care nor a sorrow did we know, As we played on the white pebbled
bright waves were lovelier than be- fore, The hours were but moments to
sound of the deep o-cean's roar, For they call back the day that we

rit.

f :— |l₁ : | s₁,s₁,s₁: s₁.,s₁|s₁ :l₁ .,t₁ | d :— |— :

sand, Maud, Gathering up the shells from the shore.
us, Maud, Gathering up the shells from the shore.
spent, Maud, Gathering up the shells from the shore.

Chorus.

s₁ ,s₁ ,s₁ : l₁ .,m₁ |s₁ :d .,r | m :— |s₁ :

Gathering up the shells from the sea - - - shore,

m₁ ,m₁ ,m₁ : f₁ .,d₁ |m₁ :m₁ .,f₁ | s₁ : s₁,s₁,s₁|m₁ :m₁ ,m₁ ,m₁

d ,d ,d : d .,d |d :d .,d | d : d ,d ,d |d :d ,d ,d

Gathering up the shells from the sea, beautiful shore, gathering,

d₁ ,d₁ ,d₁ : d₁ .,d₁ |d₁ :d₁ .,d₁ | d₁ : d₁,d₁,d₁|d₁ :

l₁ ,l₁ ,l₁ : f .,f | m : r .,d | s : — | — : .f
f₁ ,f₁ ,f₁ : l₁ .,l₁ | s₁ : s₁ .,s₁ | t₁ : — | — : .s₁
Gathering up the shells from the shore, Ah!
d ,d ,d : d .,d | d : f .,m | r : — | — : .t₁
f₁ ,f₁ ,f₁ : f₁ .,f₁ | d₁ : d .,d | s₁ : s₁ ,r₁ ,s₁ | s₁ .f₁ : m₁ .r₁
Gathering up the shells from the shore, Beautiful shore, Ah!

m : m .f ,s | d ,d ,d : r .,m | l₁ : – ,t₁ ,d | s₁ :
s₁ : s₁ ,– ,s₁ | s₁ ,s₁ ,s₁ : f₁ .,s₁ | f₁ : – ,s₁ ,l₁ | m₁ :
those were the hap-pi-est days of all, Maud,
d : d .r ,m | m ,m ,m : d .,d | d : — | d :
d₁ : d₁ ,– ,d₁ | d₁ ,d₁ ,d₁ : d₁ .,d₁ | f₁ : — | d₁ : s₁ ,l₁ ,t₁
those were the hap-pi-est days of all, Maud, Gathering

D.S.

d ,t₁ ,d : f .,m | m .r : s .,t₁ | d : — | — :
m₁ ,r₁ ,m₁ : l₁ .,s₁ | s₁ : s₁ .,s₁ | s₁ : — | — :
Gathering up the shells from the shore.
d ,d ,d : d .,d | d .t₁ : t₁ .,f | m : — | — :
d : – .,d | s₁ : s₁ .,s₁ | d₁ : — | — :
up the shells from the shore.

Two Measures Instrumental.

He was Despised.

KEY E♭. ♩ = 72. *From* "MESSIAH"—HANDEL.

Seven Measures Instrumental.

m : r .,d | d : .s₁ | d : – .t₁ | m .r : .s′
He was de-spis-ed,

♩ .m f′ | m′.r′ : .m | f .m,r : m .d | t₁ .d : .s | f .m : .f | m .r : .r
de- spis-ed and re-ject-ed, re-

m .f,s : f .m | r : .r′ | m′.f′,s′ : f′.m′ | r′ .r : s .f | m .f,m : r .d | t₁,l₁.s₁ : s′.f′
ject - ed of men: a man of sor - - rows,

B♭.t.

m′ .f′,m′ : r′.d′ | t .r : s .f | m.f,m : r.d | t₁,l₁.s₁ : ʳs₁.d | t₁,l₁.s₁ : .s₁ | la₁ :–.ta₁,la₁
a man of sor - - rows, and ac- quainted with grief,

s, : .s, | f, :- .f, | d .,t, : l, .s, ,f, | m, : r, .,d, | d, :— | : .f
a man of sor-rows, and acquainted with grief.

f. E♭.
m .r : .s | ma .t, : d .s, | la, :— | s, .t, : d .f, | m, :r, .,d, | d, : .d, s,
He

r :- .m | de.r : .r' | de'.r' : .m | re.m : .m' | re'.m' : .s | s :- .m
was de-spis-ed, re-ject-ed, He was de-

f, m.f : r .m | f :m .r | m : .m | m :r .d | t, l, .s, : s.r | ma.t, : d .s,
spis-ed and re-ject - ed of men: a man of sor-rows, & acquainted with

la, :-.ta, la, | s, : .d | f :- .r | m .t, : d .f | m :r .,d | d :
grief, a man of sorrows, and ac- quainted with grief.

.d : m .s | f .m : .s' | f'.m' : .s | f .m : .s | f .m : .r | ma.t, : d .r
He was de-spis-ed, re - ject-ed, a man of

ma .t, :d .r | ma :r .d | t, :d .f | m :r .,d
sor - rows, and ac - quaint - ed with grief, and ac - quaint - ed with

d :— | — :— | — : .m | m :r .d | t, :d | :d .f
grief, a man of sor - rows, and ac-

m :— | r :- .d | d :— | : | *Six Measures Instrumental.* ||
quaint - ed with grief.

She Wore a Wreath of Roses.

Words by Haynes Bayly. Music by J. P. Knight.

Key D. *Andante.*

Six Measures Instrumental. | d :- | m :-.r | d :— | — ||: s | f :- .m | r :d
1. She wore a wreath of
2. A wreath of o - range

A.t.

d' :— | t :l | s :d | s :-.f | m :— | :ml

ros - - es, The night that first we met; Her
blos - - soms When next we met she wore; Th'ex-

lS :S | l :t | rd :d | d :d / d :-.d | m :r | d :t

love - ly face was smil - ing Be - neath her curls of
pres - sion of her fea - tures Was more thoughtful than be -

f.D.

d :— | :dS | l :l | t :-.d' | d' :d / d' :-.d | d :d

jet; Her foot - step had the light - ness, Her
fore; And stand - ing by her side was one, Who

l :-.l | s :s | fe :— | :f | f :f | S :-.f

voice the joy - ous tone, The to - kens of a
strove, and not in vain, To soothe her leav - ing

rall.

f :m | r :d | r .r :— | m :r .d | d :— | :r

youth - ful heart, Where sorrow is un- known. I
that dear home, She ne'er might view a - gain. I

a tempo.

r :r | m :-.f | l :s | s :-.s | l :l | l :t .d'

saw her but a mo - ment, Yet me- thinks I see her
saw her but a mo - ment, Yet me- thinks I see her

d' :t | l :-.s | d' :m | f :m .f | s :d' | — :l

now, With the wreath of sum - mer flow - ers Up -
now, With the wreath of o - range blos - soms Up -

s :d | m :-.r | d :— | — :s | f :-.m | r :d

on her snow - y brow.
on her snow - y brow.

D.S.

d' :— | t :l | s :d | m :-.r | d :— | — ‖ s

3. And

Più lento e con molto espress.

f :-.m | r :d | d' :t | tl :s | s :d | s :-.f

once a - gain I see that brow, No brid - al wreath was

A.t.

m	:—	—	:ml	sl.sl :—	ll	:tl	d	:-.d	d	:d
there,			The	widow's	som	- bre	cap	con-ceals	Her	

f.D.

m	:r	d	:tl	d	:—		:ds	l	:-.l	t	:dl
once	lux	- ur	- iant	hair;			She	weeps	in	si -	lent

dl	:- .d	d	:d	l	:-.l	s	:s	fe	:—		:f
sol	- i -	tude,	And	there	- is	no	one	near			To

rall.

f	:f	s	:- .f	f	:m	r	:d	r	:-.r	m	:r .d
press	her	hand	with-	in	his	own,	And	wipe	a -	way	the

p *a tempo.*

d	—	:r	r	:r	l	:-.s	s	:d	s	:-.s
tear.			saw	her	bro	- ken-	heart	- ed,	Yet	me-

cres.

l	:l	l	:t .dl	dl	:t	l	:-.s	dl	:m	f	:m .f
thinks	I	see	her	now,		In	the	pride	of	youth	and

s	:dl	—	:t .l	s	:d	m	:-.r	d	:—	—	:
beau -ty,			With a	gar -	land	on	her	brow			

Four Measures Instrumental.

What are the Wild Waves Saying?

"I want to know what it says—the sea—what is it that it keeps on saying?"
—PAUL in "DOMBEY & SON."

Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

KEY E♭. *Andante con espressione.* **Paul.**

m,s,d: m,d,s,	m,s,d: m,d,s,	m	:m.,re	m	:m	m .,f	:s	—	:
		1. What are the wild waves				say	-	ing,	
		2. Yes! but the waves seem				ev	-	er	

dl	:s .,m	s	:f .,r	d	:—		:d .,r	m	:m.,re	m	:m
Sis	- ter, the whole		day	long,			That	ev	- er	a - mid	our
Sing	- ing the same		sad	thing,			And	vain	is	my weak	en -

m .,f : s | — : fe .,s | d' : s .,m | s : f .,r | d : — | :
play - ing I hear but their low, lone song?
deav - our To guess what the sur - ges sing.

cres. agitato.

d : m .,l | d' : t .,l | l : se | : | l : l₁.,t₁ | d : r
Not by the sea - side on - ly, There it sounds wild and
What is that voice re- peat - ing Ev - er by night and

p

m : — | — : m .,re | m : m.,re | m : m | s : f | m : r
free; But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In
day? Is it a friend - ly greet - ing? Or a

d : t₁ .,d | r : l .,s | s : — | m : (m .,f) | s : fe.,s | d' : ta
dreams it is still with me, But at night, when 'tis dark and
warn - ing that calls a - way? Is it a friend - ly

se.,l : f | — { : r / : m.,r } | d : s₁.,d | m : – .r | d : — | - . :
lone - ly, In dreams it is still with me.
greet - ing? Or a warn - ing that calls a - way?

B♭.t. *Più animato.*
Florence.

ʳs₁,s₁.,: s₁.,fe₁ | s₁ : s₁ | d .,r : m | — : | s : d.,t₁ | d : m
Brother, I hear no sing - ing! 'Tis but the roll - ing
Brother, the in - land moun - tain Hath it not voice and

r : — | - . : | s₁,s₁.– : s₁.,fe₁ : s₁ : s₁ | d .,r : m | — : —
wave, Ever its lone course wing - ing
sound? Speaks not the drip-ping foun - tain

agitato.

r .m : fe.s | l₁ .t₁ : d .r | s₁ : — | - . : | r .de : r.de | r : s₁
O - ver some o - cean cave! 'Tis but the noise of
As it be - dews the ground? E'en by the house-hold

s : – .m | d : — | d .d : – .d | d : ʳᵈt₁.,d | r : — | — : (s₁.,s₁)
wa - - ter Dashing a - gainst the shore, And the
in - - gle Curtain'd and clos'd and warm,

s₁ .l₁ : t₁ .d | m : – .r | d : s₁ | — : (.s₁) | s₁ .l₁ : t₁.d | r : – .r
wind, from some bleak - er quar - ter, Ming - ling with its
Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the dis - tant

m :— |— :(m.,m) | m .r : de.r | de.r : m .f | l .s : f .m | s .f : m .r

roar, And the wind, from some bleaker quar - ter, Ming - ling,
storm? Do not our voi - ces min - gle With those of the

f. B♭. **Florence.** *Lento.*

d .s, : fe,.s, | s :– .t, | ds :— |–. : | s :— |— : l .,s

ming - ling with its roar. 1. No! no, no,
dis - tant, dis - tant storm? 2. Yes! yes,

: | : | : | : **Paul.** s :— |— : f .,m

rall. *a tempo.*

f :— |— : s .,f | m : m.,re | m : m | m .,f : s |— : s

no! No, no, no, it is some - thing great - er That
yes! Yes, yes, but there's something great - er That

r :— |— : m .,r | d : d .,t, | d : d | d .,r : m |— : m

d' : s .,m | s : f .,r | d :— |— : m .,f | s : fe.,s | d' : – .t

speaks to the heart a - lone, The voice of the great Cre-
speaks to the heart a - lone, The voice of the great Cre-

m : m .,d | m : r .,t, | d :— |— : d .,r | m : re.,m | m : – .s

r' : d' | t : l | s : l .,s | f .s :— | m :— |— : m .,f

a - - tor Dwells in that mighty tone! The
a - - tor Dwells in that mighty tone! The

f : l | s : f | m : f .,m | r .t, :— | d :— |— : d .,r

s : m .,s | d' : m' | r' : d' | t : l | s : m.s.d' | t.r' :—

voice of the great Cre - a - - tor *rall.* Dwells in that mighty
voice of the great Cre - a - - tor Dwells in that mighty

m : d .,m | m : d' | t : l | s : f | m : d.–m | r .f :—

D.S.

d' :—|—: m' | m'.,f' : s' |—: m' s' d² | m² d² s' : m' d' s | m d s : f l, t, | d : m | d :

tone!
tone!

m :—|—: | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | :

The Song that Reached my Heart.

KEY F. *Moderato espressivo.* Words and Music by JULIAN JORDAN.

Two Measures Instrumental. | s, .d :f .m | r .l :s .t, | r :— | d ||

: s, | m :m .,m | r .r :– .r | d :— | — : .d | s :s .s | f .f :– .f
1. I sat 'midst a mighty throng, With- in a palace
2. That night I shall never for- get, That night with its pleasure and

m :— | – . :m .m | l .l :– .l | s :s .d | f :f .f | m :d .d
grand, In a ci - ty far be- yond the sea, In a
pain; I think of the sing - er, I think of the song, And

ad lib. *tempo.*
{m .m : — / m .m : – .r} | r :d .d | s :— | — : s, | m .m : – .m,m | r :r .r
distant for - eign land; I listened to the grandest
wish I could live it a - gain; In fancy a - gain I re-

d :— | — :d | l :l .l | t :l | se :— | — : .m
strain My ear had ev - er heard, En-
call The scene with its splendour bright, The

s .s :— | l : .m | s :f | d :– .r,r | m :s, | m :– .r
raptured, charmed, a - mazed I was! My in - most soul was
mighty throng, the pal - ace grand: Oh, the mem' - ry of that

f.B♭. *Poco animato.*
d :— | — : .ds, | s, :s,.s, | s, :t, | d :— | — :s,
stirred. I looked on the sing - er fair, My
night! My fan - cy it may have been, But

F.t. *Tempo.*
s :r | m :f | m :— | — :ml | s :s | f :– .f
heart was at her feet, She sang of love— the
nev - er had I heard, A song that thrilled me

m :m | r :– .r | r :– .r | m :fe | s :— | –. :s,
old, old theme— In ac - cents low and sweet; And
o'er like this, Like this so strange-ly stirred; The

1st time only.

m :- .m | r :r | d :— | — :d | l :- .l | t :d'
then she sang a song That made the tear - drops

f

t :— | — :t | d' :-.d' | t :m | l :- .l | s :d
start; She sang a song, a song of home— A

rall. *D.C.*

r :s .f | m :- .r | d :— | —
song that reached my heart!

2nd time only.

m :- .m | f :- .f
mem' - ries of that

s :- .s | m :s | f :- .m | f :r | m :— | — :d
night of bliss Will nev - er from me part, She

m :- .m | f :- .f | s :s | m :s | f :- .m | f :r
sang a song of "Home, sweet home!" The song that reached my

Solo (*in absence of Chorus*).

d :— | — : | s :— | — :— | f :— | r :—
heart. "Home, home,

Chorus (S.A.T.B.).

: | : | s :— | — :— | f :— | r :—
: | : | d :— | de :— | r :— | l, :—
"Home, home,
: | : | s :— | l :— | l :— | f :—
: | : | m :— | l, :— | r :— | f, :—

Solo. *mf*

d :— | r :— | m :— | — | s | d' :- .d' | t :l
sweet, sweet home!" She sang the song of

d :— | r :— | m :— | — | : | : |
s, :— | t, :— | d :— | — | : | : |
sweet, sweet home!"
m :— | s :— | s :— | — | : | : |
s, :— | s, :— | d :— | — | : | : |

rit.

s :- .s | m :s | s :- .s | l :t | d' :— | —
"Home, sweet home!" The song that reached my heart!

The Auld Hoose.

Words by Baroness Nairne. Old Scottish Air.

Key G. *Tenderly.*

:𝄋

d. r | m.m: r.d | r.d : l,.,d | s,.m : mr.,d | d ‖ d .r | m .m : r .d | r .d : l, .d

1. Oh! the anld hoose, the auld hoose, What
2. Oh! the auld laird, the auld laird, Sae
3. The mav-is still doth sweetly sing, The

s, .l, : d .m | r : – .d ,r | m ,m.– : r .d | r .d : l, .d ,d

tho' the rooms were wee, Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there, And
can - ty, kind and crouse, Hoo mony did he wel - come to His
blue-bells sweetly blaw, The bonnie Earn's clear winding still, But the

s, .m : m .r | d : .d ,d | r .r : m .s | l .l : s .m

bairnies fu' o' glee. The wild rose and the jess - a - mine Still
ain wee dear auld hoose. And the led-dy, too, sae gen - ty, There
auld hoose is a - wa'. The auld hoose, the auld hoose, De -

s .m : r .d | r : .d ,r | m .m : r .d | l, .l, : s, .,l,

hang up - on the wa', Hoo mon-y cherished mem-o - ries Do
sheltered Scotland's heir, And clipt a lock wi' her ain han' Frae
sert - ed tho' ye be, There ne'er can be a new hoose Will

D.S.

d .m : r .,d | d : . ‖ m ,f | s .l : t .d' | m' : – .r' | d' ‖

they, sweet floo'ers, re-ca'.
his lang yel - low hair.
seem sae fair to me.

4. Still flourishing the auld pear tree,
The bairnies liked to see,
And oh, hoo aften did they speer
When ripe they a' wad be?
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet,
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout—oh, whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

5. For they are a' wide scattered noo,
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame;
Not here we'll meet again—
The kirkyard, the kirkyard!
Wi' floo'ers o' every hue,
Is sheltered by the holly's shade,
An' the dark sombre yew.

6. The setting sun, the setting sun!
Hoo glorious it gaed doun;
The cloudy splendour raised oor hearts
To cloudless skies aboon!
The auld dial, the auld dial!
It tauld hoo time did pass;
The wintry winds hae dang it doun,
Noo hid 'mang weeds and grass.

Larboard Watch.

Composed by J. Williams.

Key G. *Andante.*

Six Measures Instrumental.

m .,m: r f ,l | d : ,t | d : — | — : . || :S: .s (1. At, 2. With) .m — *mf*

s : s | s .,m : l .,s | s : – .f | m : .m | f : – .f | f .,r : t| .,r
drear - y mid - night's cheer - less hour, De- sert - ed e'en by
anx - ious care he eyes each wave, That swell - ing threat - ens
m : m | m .,d : f .,m | m : – .r | d : .d | r : – .r | r .,t| : s| .,t|

p

s : – .r | m : .s | s : s | s .,m : l .,s | s : – .f | m : .m
Cyn - thia's beam, When tem - pests beat, and tor - rents pour, And
to o'er - whelm, And his storm - beat - en bark to save Di -
m : – .t| | d : .m | m : m | m .,d : f .,m | m : – .r | d : .d

cres. *p*

r . : d . | t| . : s . | l : fe | s : – .s | l : fe | s : .s
twink - ling stars no long - er gleam, The
rects with skill the faith - ful helm. With
t| . : l| . | s| . : t| . | d : l| | t| : – . | : | :

mf

f : – .f | f .r : t| .l| .s | s : – .r | m : – . | : | :
wea - ried sail - or, spent in toil,
joy he drinks the cheer - ing grog,
: | : | : | : .s| | l| : – .t| | d : – .r
Clings firm - ly to the
'Mid storms that bel - low

: | : .s | f : – .f | f .r : t| .l| .s | s : – .r | m : – .
And still the length - ened hour to guile,
With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,
m : – .d | l| : – . | : | : | : | : .s|
wea - ther shrouds, And
loud and hoarse; With

: | : | : (.s,) | d : — | d : -.s,
d : — | — : s,
And Sings as he
marks the

l, : -.t, | d : - .r | m : -.d | l, : - . | : | :
still the length - ened hour to guile,
joy he heaves the reel - ing log,

d : — | — : d | m : -.d | m : -.d | m : — | — :
views the gath - 'ring clouds,
lee - - - way and the course,
: | : | : | : | : | :

m : — | m : - .s, | m : — | — : m | s : -.m | s : -.m
Sings as he views the gath - 'ring
Marks the lee - - - way and the
d : — | d : - .s, | d : — | — : d | m : -.d | m : -.d

ad lib.

s : — | — : | s : — | — : r | s : — | — : r
clouds, "Lar - - board Watch, a -
course,
m : — | — : | : | : | : | :

s : — | — : | t : — | — : s | t : — | — : s
hoy! Lar - - - board Watch, a -
: | : | s : — | — : r | s : — | — : r

Quicker.

t : — | . || .s : .s .s | s : .s : .s .s
hoy!" But who can speak the joy he
s : — | . || .s, : d .r | m : .f : m .r

Slower. *tempo.*

s : .m : f .s | l : - .d' : t .l | s : - .l : l .l
feels, While o'er the foam his ves - sel reels, And his tired
d : .d : r .m | f : - .l : s .f | m : - .f : f .f

l : - .f : s .s | s : - .m : m .m | m .s : f .m : l .t
eye - lids slumb'ring fall, He rouses at the welcome
f : - .r : m .m | m : - .d : d .d | d .m : r .d : f .s

d' :t :l | s .l,s :f :m | f .s,f :m :r
call of "Lar - board Watch, a -
l :s :f | m :r :d | r :d :t,

f
m :— : | l :— :l | s : :
hoy! Lar - board Watch,
d :— : | f :— :f | m : :

p *f Slower.*
f .s :t .l :s .f | m : : | m :s :m
f :— :f Lar - board Watch, Lar - board
r :— :r
s, :l, :t, | d : : | d :m :d

s :— : .f | f :m :— | l :— .l :l .l
Watch a - hoy!" :
m :— : .r | r :d :— | : :

D.S.
s :— :m | r .f .l :m :r | d :— :— ||

The Death of Nelson.

Key E♭. *Larghetto.* Words by Braham.

Recitative.

Ten Measures Instrumental. | se :l . | d' .t :l .se | l :d' | l .l :t .d' |
O'er Nelson's

m : .m | f .m :d' .l | se : .se | l .t :m .m |
tomb, with si - lent grief op - pressed, Bri - tan - nia mourns her

r' .r' :d' .t | d' .l :d' .m' | f' .s : | f .l :s .r |
he - ro, now at rest: But those bright laur-els ne'er shall fade with

m	:	.m	| t	.m	: r'	.t	| d'	.l	:	| l	.l	: se	.l
years,		Whose leaves, whose leaves are					watered				by	a	na - tion's	

m	:	| f	: r .	| m	: d .	| r	: t, .	| l, .	: d .	| l,	:	‖
tears.													

KEY C. *Allegro.* **Aria.** 𝄋

Ten Measures							d'.,r' : m'.,r' | d'	‖ m'	.r'	| d'	: –	.d'	| d'	: s
Instrumental.								1. 'Twas		in		Tra-fal -		gar's
								2. And		now		the can -		nons

d'	: —	|	: d'	| r'	: –	.m'	| f'	: m'	| r'	: —	|	: m'.,r'
bay			We	saw		the Frenchmen			lay,			Each
roar			A -	long		th'affright - ed			shore,			Our

r'	: m'.,d'	| t	: d'.,l	| s	:	|	: m'.,r'	| d'	: –	.d'	| d'	: s
heart	was	bound -	ing	then ;			We	scorned	the for -		eign	
Nel -	son	led	the	way ;			His	ship	the "Vic -		t'ry"	

d'	: —	|	: d' .d'	| r'	: –	.m'	| f'	: m'	| r'	: —	|	: m'.,r'
yoke,			For our	ships		were Brit -		ish	oak,			And
named,			Long	be		that "Vic -		t'ry"	famed,			For

r'	: m'.,d'	| t	: d'.,l	| s	: —	|	: s	| f'	: m'	| r'	: d'
hearts	of	oak	our	men !			Our	Nel -	son	marked	them
vic -	t'ry	crowned	the	day !			But	dear -	ly	was	that

t	: l	| s	:	| f'	: m'	.m'	| r'	: d'	| t	: l	| s	: –	.f
on	the	wave,		Three cheers our gal -				lant	sea -	men	gave,		Nor
con -	quest	bought,		Too well the gal -				lant	he -	ro	fought		For

m	: –	.m'	| m'	: r'	.d'	| d'	.t :	|	: l	.,s	| s	: –	.f'	| f'	: m'.r'
thought	of		home		or	beauty,				Nor	thought	of		home	or
Eng -	land,		home		and	beauty,				For	Eng -	land,		home	and

t	.d' :	|	: s	| l	: t	| d'	: r'	| m'	: d'	| r'	: 𝄐
beauty ;			A -	long	the	line	this	sig -	nal	ran—	
beauty ;			He	cried	as	'midst	the	fire	he	ran—	

d' : — | m' : – .r' | d' : — | : s | m' : — | r' : d'
"Eng - land ex- pects that ev - - - 'ry
"Eng - land shall find that ev - - - 'ry

s' : — | : s | l : r'.,d' | t : s'.,f' | f'.m' : | : s
man This day will do his du-ty! This
man This day will do his du-ty! This

l : — | f' : – .m' | r' : — | s' : – .f' | m'.d' : d^2.,d^2 | d^2 : d'.,d'
day will do his du-ty!"
day will do his du-ty!"

m' : — | s' : — | d^2 : — | — : s'.,s' | l'.,d^2 : t'.,l' | s'.,f' : m'.,r'

D.S. s.d.f.E♭. *Dolento.*

m'.,f' : s'.,f' | m' || sm | l : – .t | d' : t | l : — | : l
At last the fa - tal wound, Which

t : – .d' | r' : d' | t : — | : t | d' : — | d' : —
spread dis - may a - round, The he - - ro's

f.A♭.

d's : — | l f r | d : m | r : – .d | d : — | :
breast, the he - ro's breast re - ceived;

E♭.t. *a tempo marziale.*

ml : d' | t : l | se : — | : m | l : –. d' | t : l
"Heav'n fights on our side, The day's our own!" he

C.t.m.l.

set : — | : m'.,r' | r' : d'.,t | t : l.,s | s : — | : s
cried; "Now long e - nough I've lived! In

f' : m' | r' : d' | t : l | s : .s | f' : m' | r' : d'
hon - our's cause my life was past, In hon - our's cause I

t : l | s : – .f | m : m' | m' : r'.d' | d'.t : | : s
fall at last, For Eng - land, home and beauty, For

s :f' | f' :m' .r' | t .d' : | :s | l :t | d' :r'
Eng - land, home and beauty:" Thus end - ing life as

m' :d' | r' : | d' :— | m' :-.r' | d' :— | :s
he be - gan, Eng - land con- fessed that

m' :— | r' :d' | s' :— | :s | l :r'.,d' | t :s'.,f'
ev - - - 'ry man That day had done his

f' .m' : | :s | l :— | f' :-.m' | r' :— | s' :-.f'
du-ty! That day had done his

m' .d' || d².,d² | d² :d' .,d' | m' :— | s' :— | d² :— | — :s' .,s'
du-ty!

l' .,d² :t' .,l' | s' .,f' :m' .,r' | m' .,f' :s' .,f' | m' ||

Angels, ever Bright and Fair.

From "THEODORA"—HANDEL.

KEY E♭. *Larghetto.*

Three Measures Instrumental. | r .s :-,-m.f | -.m,-r : m.r,-d | s :d | d'.t,l: s .l
An - gels, ever bright and

r : | r .f' : m' .r' | s :d | d'.t,l: s .l | r :m .r | f .m:
fair, An - gels, ever bright and fair, Take, oh take me,

:m .r | f .m : r .d | s :— | — :— | — :m .r | :m .r
take, oh take me to your care, take me, take, oh

f .m : | d' :-.t,l | s .f : m.r,d | t, :f .,s | m.r,d: t,.,d | d :
take me! An - gels, ever bright and fair, take, oh take me to your care,

ad lib. *tempo.*

s :- .l | t .d' : m .r ,d | d : d' .t ,-l | d' .t ,-l : s .l
take, oh take me to your care!

r .s : s ,-m.f | -,-r .m,-r : m .r,-d | d || d .r | m .f : s .l ,t
Speed to your own courts my

d' : d' .m | r .d' : t .l,se | se : l .s,f | m .r : d .t,,l,
flight, Clad in robes of vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin

D.S.

l, : d .,r | t, .s ,l : fe .,s | s : | m .r : ||
white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white. Take me,

The March of the Cameron Men.

Words and Melody by Mary M. Campbell.

Key D. *Allegretto con spirito.* :S:

m :— : m | m :— : m | m :— : m | m :— || m .f
1. There's
2. Oh!
3. The

s :- .m : s | d' :- .s : m' | m' :-.r' : d' | d' :- .t : l
man - y a man of the Cam - er - on clan, That has
proud - ly they walk, but each Cam - er - on knows He may
moon has a - ris - en, it shines on that path, Now

s :- .f : m | m : r : d | r :— :— | — : : m .f
fol - lowed his chief to the field; He has
tread on the hea - ther no more; But
trod by the gal - lant and true; High,

s :- .m : s | d' :- .s : m' | r' :- .d' : t | d' :- .t : l
sworn to sup - port him, or die by his side, For a
bold - ly he fol - lows his chief to the field, Where his
high are their hopes, for their chief - tain has said, That what-

Chorus.

s :- .m :d | r :- .m :r | d :— :— | — :— :m .f
Cam - er - on nev - er can yield.
laur - els were gath - ered be - fore.
ev - er men dare, they can do.
I

s :— :d | d :— :d | r :d :r | m :d :l
hear the pib - roch sound - ing, sound - ing,

s :- .f :m | m :r :d | r :— :— | — : :s,
Deep o'er the moun - tain and glen; While

d :— :d .d | s :s :s | d' :s :m | d :— :s .s
light springing foot - steps are tramp - ling the heath, 'Tis the

d' :- .t :d' | r' :- .d' :r' | m' :— :— | — :— :d' .t
march of the Cam - er - on men, 'Tis the

l :— :— | — : :t .d' | s :— :— | — : :d' .t
march, 'Tis the march, 'Tis the

D.S.

d' :- .s :m | r :- .m :r | d :—:— | —:—: | *Four Measures Instrumental.*
march of the Cam - er - on men.

Love was once a Little Boy.

Composed by J. A. Wade.

Key D. *Allegretto.* *mf*

Two Measures Instrumental. | *l* . :*r* . | *s* :- . | d .d :m .m
1. Love was once a
2. Love is now a
3. Love, they say, is

s .s :d' | l . :r . | s . :d . | d .d :m .m
lit - tle boy, Heigh - ho! Heigh - ho! Then with him 'twas
lit - tle man, Heigh - ho! Heigh - ho! And a ve - ry
grow - ing old, Heigh - ho! Heigh - ho! Half his life al -

f.G.

s .s :d' | r' . :s . | fe . :s .(s) | taf .f :f .f

sweet to toy, | Heigh - ho! | Heigh - ho! | He was then so
sau - cy one, | Heigh - ho! | Heigh - ho! He | walks so stiff, and
read - y told, | Heigh - ho! | Heigh - ho! | When he's dead and

D.t.

f .r :t, .t, | ml .l :l .l | f .r :t, .(t,) | d .d :m .m

in - no - cent, | Not, as now, on | mis - chief bent— | Free he came, and
looks so smart, As | if he owned each | maiden's heart, I | wish he felt his
bur - ied, too, | What will we poor | maidens do? I'm | sure I can - not

s .s :d' . | l . :r . | s . :d . | *Four Measures Instrumental.*

harm-less went, | Heigh - ho! | Heigh - ho!
own keen dart, | Heigh - ho! | Heigh - ho!
tell, can you? | Heigh - ho! | Heigh - ho!

The Army and Navy.

Words by J. E. Carpenter. Music by T. Cooke.

Key B♭. *Allegro maestoso e spiritoso.*

Five Measures Instrumental. | d :m,.,m,| s, :t, .,t, | d :s, .,s,| d :m

mf **Soldier.**

s :— |— :s | m :r .m | s :f .r | d :— |— :d

Oh! | give me the tent - ed | field With

t, :s, | d :- .m | m :r | :s, | m :r .m | s :f .r

mar - tial col - ours | fly - ing, | As | long as my arm | can

d :— |— :l, | s, :d .m | s :- .f | f :m | l :—

wield | The | sword in my gir - dle | ly - ing! The

Sailor.

F.t.

s :d .r | m :- .r | r :d | df | m :r .m | s :f .r

sword in my gir - dle | ly - ing! | Let | me have the roll - ing

d :— |— :d | t, :l, .s,| d :- .m | m :r | :s,

tide, | The | chase and the rag - ing | bat - tle, The

m :r .m | s :f .r | d :— | — :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :d .m | s :– .f
roar of the bold broad- side, And the sound of the can - non's

Soldier. f. B♭.

f :m | l :– .l | s :d .r | m :– .r | r :d | ‖ ᵈs₁ .s₁
rat - tle! And the sound of the can - non's rat - tle! Oh a

m :r .m | s :f .r | d :— | — :d | t₁ :l₁ .s₁ | d :– .m
sol - dier's life for me! The march and the bu - gle

Sailor.

m :r | ‖ s₁ .s₁ | m :r .d | d .t₁ :l₁ .s₁ | d :— | r .d :t₁ .l₁
sound - ing: But a sail - or's bold and free As the

Soldier.

l₁ .s₁ :m₁ .d₁ | s₂ :s₁ | m₁ :d₁ | ‖ t₁ .d | r :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :s
bark o'er the o - cean bound - ing. Tho' the same green turf we

Sailor. F. t.

m :— | d :r .m | f :– .s | m :d | m :r | ‖ t₁ .m .f
tread, May be the sol - dier's pil - low; Tho' the

s :m | d :s₁ | l₁ .t₁ :d .se₁ | l₁ .m₁ :f₁ .r₁
blue sky's ov - er - head, And be -

Cadenza ad lib. f. B♭.

s₁ :– .s₁ | s₁ l,t,l,s,l,t,drdt,drmf :– .s | m .d : | :ᵈs₁ .l₁
neath, the track - - - less bil - low, Still a

Soldier.

:t₁ .d | r .t₁ : | :s | — :f | ‖ m :r .m | s :f .r
And a sol-dier Yes! a sol - dier knows no

t₁ .s₁ : | :r .m | f .r :t₁ | — :r | ‖ d :– .d | s₁ :– .t₁
sail-or, still a sailor, Yes! a sail - or knows no

p

d :— | — :d .d | t₁ :s₁ | d :– .m | m :r | :s .f
fears, When the sig - nal calls to bat - tle, And the

d :s₁ | m₁ :d₁ .d₁ | r₁ :s₁ | m₁ :– .d₁ | s₁ :s₁ | :t₁ .r
fears, When the sig - nal calls to bat - tle, And the

f

m :r .m | s :f .r | d :— | l :– .l | s :d .r | m :r
mu - sic that he hears Is the sound of the can - non's
d :– .d | s, :– .s, | l, :— | f, :– .f, | s, :s, .s, | s, :s,
mu - sic that he hears Is the sound of the can - non's

p

m :d | :t, .d | r :r | s :– .f | m :d | :t, .d
rat - tle, When the sig - nal calls to bat - tle, And the
d :d, | : | : | : .s, | d :d, | :s, .l,
rat - tle, to bat - tle, And the

ad lib. *tempo*

r :r | s :– .f | *f*m :— | — :d .d | d :r | — :m
mu - sic that he hears Is the sound,
t, :t, | t, :– .r | *r*d :— | — :m, .m, | f, .m, :r, .f, | s, .f, :m, .s,

cres.

— :f | — :s | — :— | — :— | — :— | — :l
The
l, .s, :f, .l, | t, .l, :s, .t, | d :t, .s, | d :t, .s, | d :t, .s, | d :f,

s :d .r | m :r | d :d | l :— | s :d .r | m :r,s.–
sound of the can - non's rat - tle, The sound of the can - non's
s, :s, .s, | s, :s, | l, :l, | f, :— | s, :s, .s, | s, :s,

m :d | | *t* .,*t* | *d'* :*m*.,*m* | *s* :*t*, .,*t*, | *d* :*m*, .,*m*, | *s*, :*t*,
rat - tle.
d :d, | | : | : | : | :

Soldier.

d :*m*.,*d* | *s* :*t* | *d'* :— | *d* | s, | m :r .m | s :f .r
We'd die for our na - tive

d :— | — :d .d | t, :– .s, | d :– .m | m :r | :s, .s,
land, As our sires of old be- fore us, In the

m :r .m | s :f .r | d :— | — :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :d .m | s :- .f
fame of their pa - triot band, And the ban - ner that waves

Sailor.
p F.t.
f :m | :l | s :d .r | m .f :r .s | m :d | ᵈf .f
o'er us, The ban - ner that waves o'er us. And while

m :r .m | s :f .r | d :— | — :d | t₁.s₁ :—. | d :- .m
wo - man's voice can cheer, Will Britain's bold de-

f
m :r | :s₁ | m :r .m | s :f .r | d :— | — :l₁
fen - ders Make Bri - tain's foes still fear The

ad lib.
s₁ :d .m | s :- .f | f :m | l :— td' | s :m.d | s₁ :l,t,drmfsl.s / s₁ :- .s
flag that ne'er sur- ren - ders, The flag that ne'er sur -

tempo. f.B♭. Soldier.
m .d :— | ᵈs₁ .s₁ | m :r .m | s :f .r | d :— | — :d .d
renders. Oh! a sol - dier's life for me, And a

Sailor.
t₁ :- .s₁ | d :- .m | m :r | s₁ .s₁ | m :r .d | d .t₁ : l₁ .s₁
soul with ar - dour burn - ing; Oh! a life on the roll - ing

Soldier. f
d :— | r .d : t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :m₁.,d₁ | (s₂) :- .s₁ | m₁ :d₁ | t₁ .d
sea, Yet for some bright smile re - turn - ing. 'Mid the

r :- .l | s :- .r | m :— | — :r .m | f .s :— | m :- .d
brave I'd take my stand, In Britain's ar - my

Sailor. F.t. ad lib.
m :r | ᵗ₁m .f | s .f :m .r | d .t₁ : l₁.se₁ | l₁.t₁ : d.se₁ | l₁.m₁ : f₁ .r₁
ev - er; In the cause of our na - tive land Be the

f.B♭. Soldier. D.S.
: | : | : | : | : | :t₁.d | r.t₁: | :s | — :f
And a soldier, Yes! a

tempo.
s₁ :s | l :-.s | m.d: | :ᵈs₁.l₁ | t₁.s₁: | :r.m | f.r : t₁ | — :r
na - vy mine for ev-er. For a sailor, for a sailor, Yes! a

Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toon.

Words by D'Urfey.
Key G. *Lively.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | m',s'.– : l',d².– | m',d.– : r' .,m | d' : :

:S:

m .,f | s,m.– : r .,m | d : m .d | l₁,d.– : s₁ .,m₁ | s₁ : d .,r

1. 'Twas with- in a mile of Ed-in - burgh toon, In the
2. Jock - ie was a wag that never would wed, Though
3. But when he vowed he wad make her his bride, Tho' his

m,s .– : l .d' | s ,m .– : r .d | m : r | : m .,f

ro - sy time of the year; Sweet
lang he had fol - lowed the lass; Con -
flocks and herds were but few; She

s ,m .– : r .m | d : m .,d | l₁,d.– : s₁ .,m₁ | s₁ : d .,r

flow - crs bloom'd and the grass was down, And
tent - ed she earned and ate her brown bread, And
gied him her hand and a kiss be - side, And

m,s .– : l, d'.– | s ,m .– : r .,m | d : | :

each shepherd woo'd his dear.
mer - ri - ly turned up the grass.
vowed she'd for ev-er be true.

d .,r : m,f .– | s .m : d' | d .,r : m,f .– | s .m : d' .,d

Bon - nie Jockie, blythe and gay, Kiss'd young Jenny, mak-ing hay; The
Bon - nie Jockie, blythe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri - ly; Yet
Bon - nie Jockie, blythe and free, Won her heart right mer-ri - ly; At

d .,r : d .,l₁ | s₁ .m₁ : s₁ .,d | m,d.– : m,s.– | l : – {.d' / .l}

las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na, na, it winna do; I
still she blush'd, and frowning cried: "Na, na, it winna do; I
kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na, na, it winna do; I

s ,m.– : m,d.– | l₁,d.– : s₁,d.– | m,s.– : r .,m | d | d' .r'

canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buck - le to."
canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buck - le to."
canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buck - le to."

D.S.

m',s'.– : l',d².– | s',m'.– : r' .,m' | d' : — |

The Maid of Llangollen.

Composed by J. Clarke.

Key G. *Moderato.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | f,m .f,s : l,s .l,t | d',s .m,d : l .f | m :r | d ||

:S

:s, | d :r .,m | d :s, .,s, | d :r .,m | d : .m

1. Though low - ly my lot and though poor my e - state, I
2. My way o'er the moun - tain I cheer - ful - ly take, At
3. Glen - ar - von's rich lord pass - es scorn - ful - ly by, But

f .m :r .,d | d .l, :- .l, | s, .m :r .,d | r :- .s,,s,

see with - out en - vy the wealth - y and great, Con-
morn when the song-birds their mel - o - dy wake, And, at
wealth can ne'er make him so hap - py as I, And

d :r .,m | d .d :s, .s, | d :r .,m | f :r .,f

tent - ed and proud a poor shep - herd to be, While the
eve, I re - turn with a heart full of glee, For the
proud - er than ev - en the proud - est I'll be, While the

f .m :r .,d | d .l, :d . | m :r .,d | r :s .,f

maid of Llan-gol - len smiles sweet - ly on me, While the
maid of Llan-gol - len smiles sweet - ly on me, For the
maid of Llan-gol - len smiles sweet - ly on me, While the

D.S.

f .m :r .,d | d .l, : f | s, .m : r | d :- . | *Two Measures Instrumental.* ||

maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.
maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.
maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

All's Well.

Words by Dibdin. Music by Braham.

Key G. *Adagio.*

Five Measures Instrumental. | s .,s : l .,f | m :mr .,d | d : || :S .s, | d :d

1. De - sert - ed
2. Or sail - ing

d :– .r | m :mr .,d | d : .d | m :m
by the wan - ing moon, When skies pro -
on the mid - night deep, While wea - ry
: : : .s, d :d

m :– .f | s .d' :l .f | m :r . ,m | r .,m :r .,m
claim night's cheer - less noon, On tow - er, fort, or
mess mates sound - ly sleep, The care - ful watch pa-
d :– .r | m :f .r | d :t, . ,d | t, .,d :t, .,d

r .,m :f . ,r | m .,r :m .,r | m .,f :s . ,d | d' :tl .,s
tent - ed ground, The sen - try walks his lone - ly round, The sen - try
trols the deck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck, To guard the
t, .,d :r . ,t, | d .,t, :d .,t, | d .,r :m . | :

s :– . | : | : .,d | d' :tl .,s
walks The sen - try
ship To guard the
: .,s, | s, :s,f, .,m, | m, : | :
his lone - ly round,
from foes or wreck,

Allegro.

s : .m | s .f :m .mr | d : .d | f .f :f .f
walks his lone - ly round; And should a foot - step
ship from foes or wreck; And while his thoughts oft
: .d | m .r :d .dt, | d : .d | d .d :d .d

m .m :m .m | l .l :l .l | s .s :s .s | f .f :m .m
hap - ly stray Where caution marks the guarded way, Where cau - tion marks the
homeward veer, Some friendly voice sal - utes his ear, Some friend-ly voice sal-
d .d :d .d | f .f :f .f | m .m :m .m | r .r :d .d

r .r :m .s | d' .s :f .m | m :r . | :
guarded way, the guard - ed way:
utes his ear, sal - utes his ear:
t, .t, :d .m | s .m :r .d | d :t, .s,,s, | d :
Who goes there?
What cheer?

: : .,d | f . : : .s,
A friend! Good
A- bove! Good
f .m : .r ,d | t,l, : : .,r | dt, :
Stranger, quickly tell! The word?
Brother, quickly tell! Be - low!

Adagio.

s : : : d : mr .,d
night! All's
night! All's
: d : mr .,d | d : m : sf .,m
All's well!
All's well!

1st Verse.

d : : .d | l : m : mr .,d
well! Good night! All's
m : .d | s : : d : s,
The word?

d : .,r | m . ,m : f . ,f | s . ,s : l . ,f | m : r .,d
well!
m, : : : :

D.S.

2nd Verse.

d : d : drmfsltd' : s : :
well! A - bove!
m : : : l tlsfmrdt,l,s, : f,
Be - low!

m : mr .,d | d : m' : r' .,d' | d' : :
All's well!
d : s, | m, : : :

Macgregor's Gathering.

KEY C. *Allegro.* Music by ALEXANDER LEE.

Eighteen Measures Instrumental. | *m′ :–.r′: d′* | *d′.l:* — : *s* | *l .f′* : — : *l* | *s* : —

: s | d′ : r′ : d′ | d′ : m′ : r′ | d′ : l : l | l : s : l
The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae, And the

d′ : t : l | l : s : m | d : m : s | s : — : l .t
clan has a name that is name - less by day; Our

d′ : – .r′ : d′ | d′ : m′ : r′ | r′ : d′ : l | l : s : m
sig - nal for fight, which from mon - archs we drew, Must be

d′ : t : l | s : f : m | r : – .m : s | l : — : s
heard but by night in the venge - ful ha - loo. Then

s : d′ : — | s : d′ : — | s : m′ : r′ | d′ : l : s
ha - loo, ha - loo, ha - loo, Gre - ga - lach;

s′ : — : *m′* | *s′* : — : *m′* | *r′* : *s* : *s* | *s* : s : l
If they

d′ : – .r′ : d′ | d′ : m′ : r′ | r′ : d′ : l | l : s : m .m
rob us of name and pur - sue us with bea - gles, Give their

con valor.

l : — : m .l | d′ : — : t .l | m′ : : m′.r′ | d′ : l : .s
roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the ea - gles. Then

*l*s : m : — | m : s : — | l .d′ : — : –. | : :
gath - er, gath - er, gather,

*l*s : m : — | m : s : — | s : r′ : — | — : d′ : r′
gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, While there's

m'	:r'	:d'	r'	:s	:r'	m'	:–.r'	:d'	r'	:s	:s
leaves	in	the	for	- est,	and	foam	on	the	riv	- er,	Mac -

m'	:r'	:d'	d'	:l	:*fsltd'l*	s. {s' r'}	:—	:m'	r'	:d'	:—
gre	- gor,	de	- spite	them,	shall	flourish		for	ev	- er.	

Six Measures Instrumental. | *l .f : s .l : t.d'* | *r'.m' : f'.s' : l' .t'* | d^2 :— :— | — :— ||

s.d.f. E♭.

:sm	l	:t	:l	d'	:t	:l	ls	:s	:m	r	:d	:m
Glen -	or	- chy's	proud	moun-tain,	Col -		churn	and	her	tow	- ers,	Glen-

l	:l	:t	d'	:t	:l	l	:se	:l	t	:—	:m
strae	and	Glen	- ly	- on	no	long	- er	are	ours;		We're

d	:l,	:—	l	:—	:m	d'	:—	:l	t	:se	:m
land	- less,		land	-	less,	land	-	less,	Gre	- ga	- lach!

C.t.m.l.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

l	:—	:m	d'	:—	:l	m'	:–.r'	:d'.t	1d'	:m	:s
land	-	less,	land	-	less,	land	-	-	less.	Through the	

d'	:r'	:d'	d'	:m'	:r'	d'	:l	:l	l	:s	:m
depths	of	Lock	Kat	- rine	the	steed	shall	ca	- reer,	O'er	the

d'	:t	:l	l	:s	:m	d	:m	:s	s	:—	:l .t
peak	of	Ben	Lom	- ond	the	gal	- ley	shall	steer,		And the

d'	:r'	:d'	d'	:m'	:r'	r'	:d'	:l	l	:s	:m
rocks	of	Craig	Roy	- ston	like	i	- ci	- cles	melt,	Ere	our

d'	:t	:l	s	:f	:m	r .m	:—	:s	l	:—	:s
wrongs	be	for	- got	or	our	vengeance		un -	felt.		Then

s	:d'	:—	s	:d'	:—	s	:m'	:r'	d	:l	:s
ha	- loo,		ha	- loo,		ha	- loo,		Gre	- ga	- lach.

s′ :— :m′ | s′ :— :m′ | r′ :s :s | s :s :l
If they

d′ :- .r′ :d′ | d′ :m′ :r′ | r′ :d′ :l | l :s :m .m
rob us of name and pur - sue us with bea - gles, Give their

con valor.

l :— :m .l | d′ :— :t .l | m′ : :m′.r′ | d′ :l : .s
roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the ea - gles. Then

ˡs :m :— | m :s :— | l .d′ :— :-. | l′ .d² :— :-.
gath - er, gath - er, gather,

ˡs :m :— | m :s :— | s :r′ :— | — :d′ :r′
gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, While there's

m′ :r′ :d′ | r′ :s :r′ | m′ :- .r′ :d′ | r′ :s :s
leaves in the for - est, and foam on the riv - er, Mac -

m′ :r′ :d′ | d′ :l :{s / *fsltd′l*} | s. {s′ / r′} :— :m′ | r′ :d′ :— | *Eight Measures Instrumental.*
gre - gor, de - spite them, shall flourish for ev - er.

The Anchor's Weighed.

Key G. *Andante.* Composed by Braham.

Two Measures Instrumental. | s, :d :m | s :d :r | d.t, :l, .s, :l, .t, | d :— :

:d | {d :— / d :-.r} :d | d.m :-.r :d .t, | l, :-.t, :d .l, | s, :— :
1. The tear fell gent - ly from her eye,
2. "Weep not, my love!" I tremb - ling said,

s, :d :m | s :{d′ / m} : | l :f :r | d :t, :s,
When last we part - ed on the shore; My
"Doubt not a con - stant heart like mine; I

D.t.

d :— :d | dm :– .r : df | f .f :— :r' | d' :t :s
bo - som heaved with many a sigh, To
ne'er can meet an - oth - er maid, Whose

d' : :s | l :r' :d' | t :l :t | d' :— :s
think I ne'er might see her more, To
charms can fix that heart like thine, Whose

s :d' :{m' s} | l :r' :{f' d'} | s :– .l :t | d' :— :
think I ne'er might see her more.
charms can fix that heart like thine!"

f.G.

d' :d' :d' | d' :— :d's | f :— :f | m :— :m
"Dear youth," she cried, "and
"Go then," she cried, "but

r .m :f .r :s .t, | d :s, :s | f :— :f | m :— :s,
canst thou haste a - way, My heart will break; a
let thy con - stant mind Oft think of her you

d .d :m :s | r :— :s, | m :– .m :m .m | s .s :— :s
lit-tle mo - ment stay, A - las! I cannot, I
leave in tears be - hind." "Dear maid, this last embrace my

f .f :l :f | m :— :s, | d :— :d | d :— :—
cannot part from thee," "The an - - chor's weighed!
pledge shall be!" "The an - - chor's weighed!

— :— :— | — :— :s, | s :— :s | s :— :—
The an - chor's weighed!"
The an - chor's weighed!"

—:—:— | — :—:s | m :—: | : :s | l :—: | : :d
"Fare- well! fare- well! re-
"Fare- well! fare- well! re-

m :—:— | r :—:— | d :—:— | —:—:
mem - ber me!"
mem - ber me!"

Four Measures Instrumental.

Shells of Ocean.

Words by J. W. Lake. Music by J. W. Cherry.

Key D. *Moderato con espressione.*

Four Measures Instrumental.

d' .s, : m .s : l .s | m : - .s : l .s | d' : - .s : m .d
1. One Summer eve, with pensive thought I wandered
2. I stooped up- on the pebbly strand, To cull the

A.t.

t, : - .f : m .r | d : .s : l .s | m : - .s : l .s | d' : - .tm : r .d
on the sea-beat shore, Where oft in heed - less infant sport, I gathered
toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my hand, I threw them

t, : - .t, : l, .s, | d : - .d : t, .l, | s, : fe,,s,.l,,s,: m .,r
shells in days be - fore, I gathered shells in days be-
one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a-

f.D.

d : .ds : t .l | t, : - .r : s .f | m : - .m : r .m | f : - .f : m .f
fore; The plashing waves like music fell Responsive to my fan-cy
way; Oh! thus I said, in ev-'ry stage By toys our fan - cy is be-

fe : s .s : l .s | m : - .s : l .s | d' : .s : m .d' | t : - .l : r .l
wild; A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain a
guiled; We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a

espress.

s : .s : l .s | d' : - .s : m .d | t .l : s .f : m .r
child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a -
child, We ga - ther shells from youth to age, And then we leave them,

ad lib. *D.S.*

s : - .fe,s: l .,s | d : - . :
gain, a - gain a child.
leave them like a child.

Three Measures Instrumental

Drinking, Drinking, Drinking.

OLD GERMAN TRINK-LIED.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. Arranged by W. H. M.

KEY F. *Tempo ordinaro.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | l, :l | s :s, | d :d, | :S: s₁ | d :{d, d₁} | m :{d, d₁} |

1. In cel - lar cool at
2. That de - mon thirst is
3. But still I find, the

s :- .l | s :f | m :d | l₁ :r | t₁ :s₁ | :s₁ |
ease I sit, Up - on a bar - rel rest - ing, In
quite a plague, But so that I may scare him, A -
more I drink, The more my thirst in - creas - es; In

s₁ .d :t₁ .d | m :re.m | s :- .l | s :m | r .s :t₁ .r | r .d :t₁ .l₁ |
mer - ry mood I loud - ly call, The fin - est wine re -
gain I raise the beak - er high, And, bold - ly quaff - ing,
fact, a top - er's lot is this— His crav - ing sel - dom

l₁ :s₁ | :s | s .f :r .t₁ | s₁ :f₁ | m₁ .s₁ :d .m | s :s |
quest - ing. The cel - lar - man the beak - er fills, My
dare him. The world seems clothed in ro - sy tints, Its
ceas - es! Yet nev - er mind, the day is long, And

rall. *tempo.*

l :m | s .f :m .r | d :— | t₁ :s₁ | d :{d, d₁} | m :{d, d₁} |
lips I soon am link - ing, And deep and long the
clouds to nought are shrink - ing, I feel a friend to
till the sun is sink - ing, My du - ty to good

D.S.

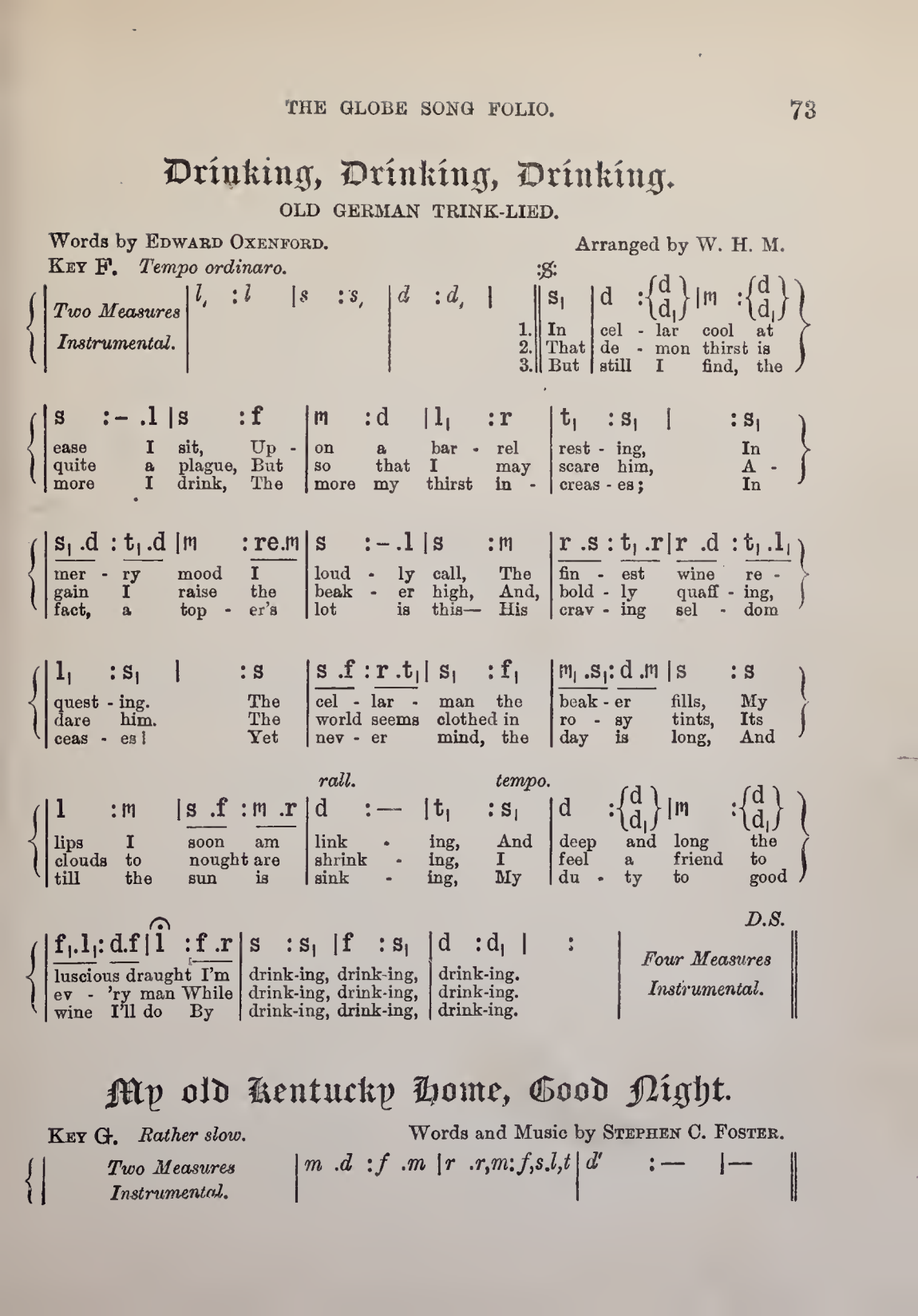
f₁.l₁ :d.f | l :f .r | s :s₁ | f :s₁ | d :d₁ | :
luscious draught I'm drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing.
ev - 'ry man While drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing.
wine I'll do By drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing.

Four Measures Instrumental.

My old Kentucky Home, Good Night.

KEY G. *Rather slow.* Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Two Measures Instrumental. | m .d :f .m | r .r,m:f,s.l,t | d' :— | —



:	.m	m	:m	|d	:r	.,m	f	.,m	:f	.l	|s	:	.f
1. The		sun	shines	bright	in	the	old	Ken-tucky			home,		'Tis
2. They		hunt	no	more	for	the	'possum	and the			coon,		On the
3. The		head	must	bow,	and	the	back	will have to			bend,		Wher-

m	.r :	.d	|d	.t, :	.d	r	:—	|—	:	.r	m	:m	|d	:r	.,m
summer,		the	darkies		are	gay:				The	corn	top's	ripe,	and the	
meadow,		the	hill and		the	shore;				They	sing	no	more	by the	
ev-er		the	darkey		may	go;				A	few	more	days,	and the	

f	.m	:f	.,l	|s	:d	.,r	m	:m	|r	.d	:m	.,r			
meadow's	in		the bloom,		While the		birds	make	mu-sic		all	the			
glimmer	of		the moon,		On the		bench	by	the old		cab-in				
trouble	all		will end,		In the		field	where	the su-gar-canes						

d	:—	|—	:	.m	m	:m	|d	:r	.m	f	.m	:f	.l	|s	: .f
day.				The	young	folks	roll	on the		little	cabin		floor,		All
door.				The	day	goes	by	like a		shadow o'er the heart,					With
grow.				A	few	more	days	for to		tote the weary load,					No

m	.r :	.d	|d	.t, :	.d	r	:	|	:s,	m	:m	|d	:r	.,m	
merry,		all	happy		and	bright,			By'n	by	hard	times	comes	a	
sorrow,		where all was			de-	light;			The	time	has	come when the			
matter,		'twill never			be	light,			A	few	more	days	till we		

f	.m	:f	.,l	|s	:d	.,r	m	.d	:f	.m	|r	:-.t,	d	:	| : ‖
knocking at the door,				Then my			old Kentucky Home,					good	night!		
darkies have to part,				Then my			old Kentucky Home,					good	night!		
totter on the road,				Then my			old Kentucky Home,					good	night!		

Chorus.

s	:-	.m	|f	:-	.l	s	.m	:—	|	:r					
d	:-	.d	|l,	:-	.d	d	.d	:—	|	:t,					
Weep		no	more,		my	la-dy,				Oh!					
m	:-	.d	|d	:-	.f	m	.s	:—	|	:d					
d,	:-	.d,	|d,	:-	.d,	d,	.d,	:—	|	:d,					

d	:-	.r	|d	:-	.l,	d	:—	|	:d	.r	m	:m	|d	:r	.m
l,	:-	.t,	|l,	:-	.f,	s,	:—	|	:d	.d	d	:d	|d	:d	.d
weep		no more			to-	day!			We will		sing	one	song	for the	
d	:-	.d	|d	:-	.d	m	:	|	:m	.f	s	:s	|m	:f	.s
f,	:-	.f,	|f,	:-	.f,	d,	:—	|	:d	.d	d	:d	|d	:d	.d

pp *D.C.*

f .,m : f .l | s : d .,r | m .,d : f .m | r : r .,t₁ | d : — | —
d .,d : d .d | d : d .,d | d .,d : d .d | t₁ : t₁ .,s₁ | s₁ : — | —
old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home, far a- way.
l .,s : l .f | m : m .,f | s .,m : l .s | f : s .,f | m : — | —
d .,d : d .d | d : d .,d | s₁ .,s₁ : s₁ .s₁ | s₁ : s₁ .,s₁ | d₁ : — | —

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'.

KEY A♭. *Andante moderato.* JACOBITE AIR.

Two Measures Instrumental. | *d* : *m* .*s* | *l* : *s* .*m* | *r* : — | *d*

:𝄋:

:s₁ .l₁ | d : d .,r | m : r .d | r : m .r | l₁ : s₁ .,l₁
1. By yon bon - nie banks and yon bonnie braes Where the
2. We'll meet where we pairted, in yon shady glen, On the

d : d .d | d : m .s | l : — | s : (s) | l .,l : l .l | s : - .m
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon', Where we hae passed sao
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon', When in purple hue the

Chorus.

s .m : r .,d | l₁ : s₁ .,l₁ | {d,d.–: m,s.– / d : m .,s} | l : s .m | r : — | d || s₁ .,l₁
mony happy days, On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.
Hielan' hills we view An' the moon looks oot frae the gloam - in'. O,

d : d .,r | m : r .,d | r : m .,r | l₁ : s₁.,s₁ | d : d .d | d : m .s
ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot - land be-

l : — | s : s | l .l : l .l | s : - .m | s .m : r .d | l₁ : s₁.,l₁
fore ye; Bnt trouble it is there, an' mony hearts are sair, On the

D.S.

d ,d.– : m ,s.– | l : s .m | r : — | d | *Two Measures Instrumental.*
bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo - - mon'.

3.
Still fair is the scene, but ah! how changed
Are the hopes that we fondly cherished,
Like a watery gleam, like a morning dream,
On Culloden's field they ha'e perished.
O, ye'll tak' the high road, etc.

4.
The wild-flowers spring, an' the wee birdies sing,
An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin',
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,
An' resigned we may be though we're greetin'.
O, ye'll tak' the high road, etc.

Afton Water.

Words by Burns. Music by A. Hume.

Key B♭. *Andante grazioso.* :𝄋:

Three Measures Instrumental.

m :– .r : d .r | d :— || s₁ .d
1. Flow
2. How
3. Thy

m :– .r : d | d :– .t₁ : l₁ | s₁ :– .l₁ : s₁ .f₁ | f₁ : m₁ : m₁ .f₁
gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes! Flow
lof - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bour-ing hills, Far
crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And

s₁ :– .l₁ : s₁ | d :– .t₁ : d | m :– .r : d | t,r :— : m .f
gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My
marked with the cours - es of clear, winding rills! There
winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How

> p
{s, m} :– .f : m | m :– .r : d | l₁ .f : — : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : s₁ .f₁
Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy murmur - ing stream, Flow
dai - ly I wan - der as noon ris - es high, My
wan - ton thy wa - ters her snowy feet lave, As

m₁ :– .f₁ : s₁ | l₁ .d : — : dr | m :– .r : d | rd : — :
gent - ly, sweet Af-ton, dis - turb not her dream!
flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
gath - 'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave!

f F.t.
m, :– .f, : s, | l, : d : r | m :– .r : d | mrd : — || rs
Thou
How
Flow

s : m : s | l. {d' f} : — : l | s :– .l : s .f | f : m : s
stock - dove, whose ech-o re - sounds through the glen; Ye
pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be-low, Where
gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow

cres. f. B♭. *Cadenza ad lib.* 𝄐
s : m : s | l |–. {t : d' f : m} | m : s .f : r | d : — : ds₁ l,s,fe,s,l,t,d r m f fe s fe f
wild whistling black - birds, in yon thorn-y den; Thou
wild in the wood - lands the prim-ros - es blow! There,
gent-ly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays! My

a tempo. *p*

m :- .r : d | d :- .t, : d | l, .f : — : l, | l, : s, : s, .,f,
green - crested lap - wing, thy screaming for - bear, I
oft as mild ev - 'ning sweeps ov- er the lea, The
Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream, Flow

pp *rall.*

m, :- .f, : s, | l, .d : — : ᵈr | m : ᵐr : d | ʳd : — :
charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair!
sweet - scent-ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream!

D.S.

s, : d : m | s :- .f : m | m :- .r : d | r : d : — ||

White Wings.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Barcarolle. Words and Music by Banks Winter.

Key B♭. *Moderato.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | s, : d : r | m : f : m | ᵐr : s, : r | d : — : ||

mf

s : — : — | m : — : r | ʳd : t, : d | r : d : l, | s, : d : r | m : f : m
1. Sail! home, as straight as an arrow, My yacht shoots along on the
2. Sail! home, to love and ca - res-ses, When Mag -gie, my dar - ling, is

m : r : de | r : — : | s : — : — | m : — : r | ʳd : t, : d | r : d : l, .l,
crest of the sea; Sail! home, to sweet Maggie Darrow, In her
there at my side; Sail! home, blue eyes and gold tresses,—The

rit. F.t. *a tempo.*

s, : d : r | m : f : m | r : l, : t, | d : — : | ʳs : — : — | d' : : m
dear lit - tle home she is wait-ing for me. High up where
fair - est of all is my own lit - tle bride. Sail! home, to

ᵐr : d : r | m : s : — | l : t : l | s : f : m | m : r : de | r : — :
cliffs they are crag - gy, There's where the girl of my heart waits for me!
part from thee nev - er, Al - ways to - geth-er life's voy-age shall be;

rall. ad lib.

m	:—	:—	|s	:	:m	|8f	:m	:f	|d'	:t	:l
Heigh!			ho,		I	long	for	you,	Mag	- gie,	I'll
Sail!			home		to	love	thee	for	ev	- er!	I'll

s	:l	:s	|s	:f	:m	|m	:t_1	:r	|d	:—	:
spread out		my	"White	Wings"	and	sail	home	to	thee.		
spread out		my	"White	Wings"	and	sail	home	to	thee.		

B♭.

$^d s_1$	:—	:—	|t_1	:l_1	:s_1	|r	:—	:—	|—	:—	:
Yo!			ho,	how	we	go!					
Yo!			ho,	how	we	go!					

t_1	:—	:—	|r	:d	:t_1	|f	:—	:—	|fe	:—	:—
Oh,			how	the	winds	blow!					
Oh,			how	the	winds	blow!					

Chorus.

f

s	:—	:—	|m	:—	:r	|d	:t_1	:d	|r	:d	:l_1
d	:—	:—	|t_1	:—	:t_1	|s_1	:s_1	:s_1	|l_1	:l_1	:f_1
"White			Wings,"		they	nev	- er	grow	wea	- ry,	They
m	:—	:—	|s	:—	:f	|m	:r	:d	|f	:f	:d
d	:—	:—	|s_1	:—	:s_1	|d_1	:r_1	:m_1	|f_1	:f_1	:f_1

s_1	:d	:r	|m	:f	:m	|m	:r	:de	|r	:—	:—
m_1	:m_1	:f_1	|s_1	:l_1	:s_1	|fe_1	:fe_1	:fe_1	|s_1	:—	:—
car	- ry	me	cheer	- i	- ly	ov	- er	the	sea;		
d	:s_1	:t_1	|d	:d	:d	|d	:d	:d	|t_1	:—	:—
d_1	:d_1	:s_1	|d	:d	:d	|l_1	:l_1	:l_1	|s_1	:—	:f_1

rall.

s	:—	:—	|m	:—	:r	|d	:t_1	:d	|r	:d	: .l_1
s_1	:—	:—	|s_1	:—	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	:s_1	|l_1	:l_1	: .f_1
Night			comes,		I	long	for	my	dear	- ie,	I'll
d	:—	:—	|d	:—	:t_1	|d	:r	:m	|f	:f	:
m_1	:—	:—	|s_1	:—	:f_1	|m_1	:r_1	:d_1	|f_1	:f_1	:

D.C.

s, :d :r |m :f :m | r :l, :t, |d :— :
m, :m, :f, |s, :l, :s, | fe, :fe, :f, |m, :— :
spread out my "White Wings" and sail home to thee.
: : | : : | : :r |d :— :
: : | : : | : :s, |d, :— :

By the Sad Sea Waves.

KEY E♭. *Andantino.* Music by SIR JULES BENEDICT.

Two Measures Instrumental. | s :s' |— :t | m,.s,:d .s, |m, .s, : l .,l
1. By the

:S:

s :m |d : .r | d .,t,: l,.,t, |d :l .,l | s :m |d : .,r
sad sea waves, I listen while they moan A la- ment o'er graves of
care last night by ho - ly sleep beguiled, In the fair dream light my

d .,t, : l,.,t, |d :m .,m | r :f .,f |m :s .,s | f :l .,l |s :d' .,t
hope and pleasure gone ! I am young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the
home upon me smiled, Oh ! how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev'ry flower that I knew, Breath'd a

s.d.f.G♭.

t .l :s .f |m :l .s | s.fe:m.fe|s . :smm |m :d .l, |se, :m, .m,
rising of the moon to the setting of the sun ; Yet I pine like a slave, By the
gentle welcome back to the worn and weary child ; I a- wake in my grave, By the

E♭.t.m.l.

l, :d |ms :l .,l | s :m |d :d .r | d .t, : l,.t, |d :l .,s
sad sea wave, Come a- gain, bright days of hope and pleasure gone, Come a-
sad sea wave, Come a- gain, dear dream, so peacefully that smiled, Come a-

rall. *ad lib.*

s :m .,m |d' :d .r | m :— |m .r :- .d | d :— |r' .d' :f' .m'
gain, bright days, Come a- gain, come a- gain ! come again, Come a- gain, come a- gain !

l' .s' :f' .r' |t .s :f .r | d .m :l .s |r' .d' :ma' .fe

D.S.

s .m' :d' .l |s .f :r .t, | r . :t, .f .s .t |d' . :l .,l
2. From my

The Hazel Dell.

KEY G. *Moderato.* Composed by G. F. ROOT.

Two Measures Instrumental. | *s, .d :m .l* | *s .fe :f .r* | *d :m* | *d* ||

:g:

:m .f | s :d | d .r :d .t, | l, :— | d :—
1. In the | Ha - zel | dell my Nel-ly's | sleep - - ing,
2. In the | Ha - zel | dell my Nel-ly's | sleep - - ing,
3. Now I'm | wea - ry, | friendless and for- | sak - - en,

s, .d :— | d :m | r :— | — :m .f | s :d | d .r :d .t,
Nel-ly | loved so | long! | And my | lone - ly, | lonely watch I'm
Where the | flow - ers | wave, | And the | si - lent | stars are nightly
Watching | here a - | lone, | Nelly, | thou no | more wilt fondly

l, :— | d :— | s, :s | m :-.r | d :— | — :m .f
keep - ing, | Nel - ly lost and | gone. | How in
weep - ing | O'er poor Nel - ly's | grave. | Hopes that
cheer me, | With thy lov - ing | tone; | Yet for-

s :d | d .r :d .t, | l, :— | d :— | s, :d | d :m
moon - light | often have we | wan - dered | Thro' the si - lent
once my | hosom fondly | cher - ished | Smile no more for
ev - er | shall thy gentle | im - age | In my mem - 'ry

r :— | — :m .f | s :d | d .r :d .t,
shade; | Now where | leaf - y | branches drooping
me; | Ev - 'ry | dream of | joy, a - las! has
dwell, | And my | tears thy | lone-ly grave shall

l, :— | d :— | s, .s :— | m :r | d :— | — :
down - ward | Little | Nel - ly's | laid.
per - ished, | Nelly | dear, with | thee.
mois - ten; | Nelly | dear, fare - | well!

p **Chorus.**

f :-.f | m :m | m :r | d :r | m :s, | l, :d
d :-.d | d :d | d :t, | d :t, | d :s, | f, :s,
All a - lone my | watch I'm keep - ing, | In the Ha - zel
l :-.l | s :s | s :f | m :f | s :m | d :d
d :-.d | d :d | s, :s, | s, :s, | d, :d, | f, :m,

r	:—	|—	:m .f	s	:d	|d .r	:d .t₁	l₁	:—	|d	:—
s₁	:—	|—	:s₁ .l₁	s₁	:s₁	|s₁ .s₁	:s₁ .s₁	f₁	:—	|l₁	:—
Dell,			For my	dar	- ling	Nelly's near me		sleep	-	ing,	
t₁	:—	|—	:d .d	d	:d	|m .f	:m .m	d	:—	|f	:—
s₁	:—	|—	:s₁ .f₁	m₁	:m₁	|d₁ .d₁	:d₁ .d₁	f₁	:—	|f₁	:—

D.S.

s₁.s	:—	|m	:–.r	d	:—	|—	:	s₁.s	:—	|m	:–.r	d	:—	|—	‖
s₁.s₁	:—	|d	:–.t₁	d	:—	|—	:	:		|	:	:		|	
Nelly		dear,	fare-	well!											
m .m	:—	|s	:–.f	m	:—	|—	:	:		|	:	:		|	
s₁.s₁	:—	|s₁	:–.s₁	d₁	:—	|—	:	:		|	:	:		|	

To Anthea!

Words by Herrick. Music by Hatton.

Key E. *Allegro.* *f*

s ,s	.s	,s	:	.s	| l	.t	:d'	.s	| t	.l	:s	.f
				Bid	| me	to	live,	and	| I	will	live,	Thy
m	.f	:r	.,d	| d		:–	.m	| s	.,f	:m	.d
Pro - test	-	ant	to	| be;			Or	| bid	me	love,	and
s	.,f	:m	.m	| f	.s	:l	.s ,f	| m		:s	.se
I	will	give	A	| lov -	ing	heart	to	| thee:			A -
l	.m	:f	.,l	| l	.m	:f	.l	| l	.l	:t	.d'
heart as		soft,	a	| heart	as	kind,	A	| heart	as	sound	and
d'		:t	.l	| s	.,s	:s	.s	| t	.l	:s	.f
free,			As	| in	the	whole	world	| thou	canst	find,	That
m	.f	:r	.,d	| d		:–	.	| s	.,f	:m	.s
heart I'll		give	to	| thee.				|			

d' .,*t* :*l* .*s* ,*f* | *m* .,*f* :*r* .,*m* | *d* ,*m* .*m* ,*m* :*m* ,*m* .m
Bid

m .m :m .,m | m .m :m .,m | f .f :f .,f
that heart stay, and it will stay To hon - our thy de -

f :m .t | d' .l :s .m | r .,d :d .s
cree; Or bid it lan - guish quite a - way, And't

f .m :r .,r | d :- .d | d .f :m .d
shall do so for thee. Bid me to weep, and

d .f :m .d | f .d :s .,d | l : .t
I will weep, While I had eyes to see, And

d' .l :se .m | m .l :t .d' | d' .t :l .se
hav - ing none, yet I will keep A heart to weep for

l : .l | se .f :m .,l | se .f :m .m
thee. Bid me des - paire, and I'll des - paire, Un -

m .m ,r :r .d ,t, | d :- .d | d .r :m .,m
der that cy - presse tree, Or bid me die, and

cres.

m .fe :s .l | t .d' :l .,s | s :- .s
I will dare E'en death, to die for thee! Thou

s .s :s .,s | s .,s :s .,s | s .s :s .s
art my life, my love, my heart, The ve - ry eyes of

con passione.

s :- .s | l .t :d' .s | t .l :s .f
me! And hast com - mand of ev - 'ry part, To

rall.

m .f :r .,d | d :— | — :*d',m.m,m* | *d* :—
live and die for thee!

Won't you buy my Pretty Flowers?

KEY G. *Allegretto.* Composed by G. W. PERSLEY.

Four Measures Instrumental. | s, :— :d | m :— :f | m :— :r |

d :— :—	m :— :s	f :— :m	r :— :l,	
	1. Un - der -	neath the	gas - light's	
	2. Ev - er	com - ing,	ev - er	
	3. Not a	lov - ing	word to	
t, .l, :— :— .	s, :— :d	t,.d :— :—.	m :— :s	
glitter,	Stands a	lit-tle	fra - gile	
go-ing,	Men and	women	hur - ry	
cheer her,	From the	passers - .	by is	
r :— :—	m :— :s	f :— :m	r :— :l,	
girl,	Heed - less	of the	night winds	
by,	Heed - less	of the	tear - drops	
heard,	Not a	friend to	lin - ger	
t, .l, :— :— .	s, :— :d	m :— :f	m :r :—	
bit-ter,	As they	round a -	bout her	
gleaming	In her	sad and	wist - ful	
near her,	With her	heart by	pi - ty	
d :— :	m :— :f	m :t, :—	r :— :m	
whirl;	While the	hun - dreds	pass un -	
eye.	How her	lit - tle	heart is	
stirred;	Home - ward	goes the	tide of	
			rit.	
d :l, :—	d :— :t,	d :— :m	r :— :fe	
heed - ing,	In the	ev - 'ning's	wan - ing	
sigh - ing,	In the	cold and	drea - ry	
fash - ion,	Seek - ing	pleas - ure's	pleas - ant	
	a tempo.			
s :— :—	m :— :s	f :— :m	r :— :l,	
hours,	Still she	cries with	tear - ful	
hours;	On - ly	lis - ten	to her	
bowers;	None to	hear with	sad com -	

t_{l},	l_{l}:	—	:-.	s_{l}	: —	:d	m	: —	:f	m.r:	—	:-.	d	: —	: —
pleading,				"Won't		you	buy		my	pretty			flowers?"		
crying,				"Won't		you	buy		my	pretty			flowers?"		
passion,				"Won't		you	buy		my	pretty			flowers?"		

Chorus—*Sing first time as* SOLO *and repeat in* CHORUS.

s	: —	:l	s .m	: —	:-.	f	: —	:s	f .r	: —	:-.				
d	: —	:d	d .d	: —	:-.	r	: —	:m	r .t_{l}	: —	:-.				
There		are	many,			sad		and	weary,						
m	: —	:f	m .s	: —	:-.	s	: —	:s	s .s	: —	:-.				
d	: —	:d	d .d	: —	:-.	s_{l}	: —	:s_{l}	s_{l}.s_{l}	: —	:-.				

rit.

m	: —	:r	d	:m	: —	r	: —	:fe	s	: —	: —
d	: —	:s_{l}	l_{l}	:d	: —	d	: —	:d	t_{l}	: —	: —
In		this	pleas -	ant		world		of	ours,		
s	: —	:f	m	:m	: —	fe	: —	:l	s	: —	: —
d_{l}	: —	:d_{l}	l_{l}	:l_{l}	: —	r_{l}	: —	:r_{l}	s_{l}	: —	: —

dim.

m	: —	:s	f	: —	:m	r	: —	:l_{l}	t_{l}.l_{l}	: —	:-.
d	: —	:d	d	: —	:d	l_{l}	: —	:f_{l}	f_{l}.f_{l}	: —	:-.
Cry	-	ing	ev	-	'ry	night		so	dreary,		
s	: —	:m	l	: —	:s	f	: —	:r	r .r	: —	:-.
d	: —	:d	d_{l}	: —	:m_{l}	f_{l}	: —	:f_{l}	f_{l}.f_{l}	: —	:-.

D.C.

s_{l}	: —	:d	m	: —	:f	m .r	: —	:-.	d	: —	: —
m_{l}	: —	:s_{l}	d	: —	:d	t_{l}.t_{l}	: —	:-.	d	: —	: —
"Won't		you	buy		my	pretty			flowers?"		
m	: —	:m	s	: —	:l	s .f	: —	:-.	m	: —	: —
s_{l}	: —	:s_{l}	s_{l}	: —	:s_{l}	s_{l}.s_{l}	: —	:-.	d_{l}	: —	: —

Why do Summer Roses Fade?

Words by J. E. Carpenter. Music by George Barker.

Key E♭. *Andante con espressione.*

Six Measures Instrumental. | m' : — | – .r' : d' .r' | d' : — | — : ||

:𝄋:

s :– .s | fe .s : d' .m | s : — | — : d' | t : r | f : t

1. Why do summer roses fade? If not to show how
2. Then, while summer roses last, Oh! let's be friends to -
3. But, tho' summer roses die, And love gives place to

l : s | — : — | s :– .s | fe.s : d' .m | s : — | — : s .l

fleet - ing All things bright and fair are made, To
geth - er! Sum - mer time will soon be past, When
rea - son; Friend - ship pass without a sigh, And

t :– .t | t .l : d'.,fe | s : — | — : m | r : s | t :– .l

bloom a - while, as half a - fraid To join our sum - mer
au - tumn leaves around us cast, And then comes win - try
all on earth pass coldly by, It's but a win - try

l : s | — : .r | r : m | f : l | s :– .m | s :– .se

greet - ing? Or, do they on - ly bloom to tell, How
weath - er. Oh! sure - ly as the sum - mer's day, Yes,
sea - son! And friend - ship, love, and ro - ses, too, The

l :– .m | s : f | s :– .r | m :– .d' | d' :– .d' | t : l

brief a sea - son love may dwell? Or, do they on - ly
friend - ship, too, will pass a - way! Oh! sure - ly as the
spring - time shall a - gain re - new! And friend - ship, love, and

D.S.

s :–.f | m :–.d | d :–.r | m : s, | m :–.r | d : — | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ||

bloom to tell, How brief a sea - son love may dwell?
sum - mer's day, True friendship, too, will pass a - way!
ro - ses, too, The springtime shall a - gain re - new!

The Last Rose of Summer.

KEY E♭. *Andante moderato.* T. MOORE.

{ :d .,r | m :d' :tl .,s | s :m . :d .,r | m :f .,m:r .,d | d :d ‖

:S:

{ :d .,r | m :d' :tl .,s | s .m:— :d .,r | m :sf .m :mr .,d | d : :d .,r
1. 'Tis the | last rose of | summer Left | bloom-ing a- | lone, All her
2. I'll not | leave thee, thou | lone one, To | pine on the | stem; Since the
3. So | soon may I | follow, When | friend-ships de- | cay, And from

{ | m :d' :tl .,s | s .m:— . :d .,r | m :sf .m :mr .,d | d :— :s .,m
love - ly com- | panions Are | fad - ed and | gone! No
love - ly are | sleeping, Go, | sleep thou with | them: Thus
love's shin - ing | cir-cle, The | gems drop a - | way; When

ad lib.

{ | d' :d' .t :tl .,s | s :m :s .,m | d' :d' .t :l .se | l :tlselt d' :d .,r
flower of her | kin - dred, No | rose - bud is | nigh To re-
kind - ly I | scat - ter Thy | leaves o'er the | bed, Where thy
true hearts lie | with - er'd, And | fond ones are | flown, Oh!

{ | m :d' :tl .,s | s .m:— . :d .,r | m :sf .m :mr .,d | d :—
flect back her | blushes, Or | give sigh for | sigh.
mates of the | garden Lie | scent - less and | dead.
who would in - | habit This | bleak world a | lone.

D.S.

{ :d .,r | m :m'.,-.,r':d't.,r'd'.,td' | t.,-.,l:l'.,-s'.,f'm':r'd'.,td'.,tl | s.,-.,m:sf .m :r .,d | d :— ‖

Michael Roy.

KEY E♭. *Allegretto. mf*

{ | s :— :— | m :— :m | m :r :d | s :s :s | s :— :m .m
1. In | Brook - lyn ci - ty there | lived a maid, And
2. She | fell in love with a | char - coal man, Mc -
3. Mc - | Clos - key shout-ed and | hollered in vain, For the

{ | r :— :r | m :— :r | d :— :— | — :— :s .s
she was known to | fame; Her
Clos - key was his | name; His
don - key would - n't | stop; And he

s :s :s |s :— :s |d' :d' :d' |s :— :s .s

mo - ther's name was Ma - ri Ann, And
fight - ing weight was sev - en stone ten, And he
threw Ma - ri Jane right o - ver his head, Right

l :l :l |f :f :l |s :— :— |— :— :s .s

hers was Ma - ri Jane; And
loved sweet Ma - ri Jane; He
in - to a pol - i - cy shop; When Mc-

s :s :s |s :s :s |d' :— :d' |s :s :s .s

ev - e - ry Sat - ur - day morn - ing She
took her to ride in his char - coal cart On a
Clos - key saw that ter - ri - ble sight, His

l :l :l |f :f :l |s :s :— |s :— :s

used to go o - ver the riv - er, And
fine Saint Pat - rick's day, But the
heart it was moved with pi - ty, So he

m :m :m |m :r :d |s :— :s |s :— :m

went to mar - ket where she sold eggs, And
don - key took fright at a Jer - sey man, And
stabbed the don - key with a bit of char - coal, And

r :r :r |m :— :r |d :d :— |— :—

sass - a - ges, like - wise li - ver.
start - ed and ran a - way.
start - ed for Salt Lake ci - ty.

Chorus. *f*

:s |s :— :— |— :— :m |d' :— :— |— :— :s

For oh! For oh! he

Shouted.

l :— :l |d' :— :l |s :— :— |— :— :f

was my dar - ling boy, FOR

m :m :m |m :r :d |s :— :s |s :m :m

he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his

Repeat Chorus. *pp*

r :— :r |m :— :r |d :— :— |— :—

name was Mi - chael Roy.

What will you do, Love?

KEY F. *Andante con espressione.* S. LOVER.

.s :m .s | d' :t .d' :l .l | l :s .m :r,m.f,r | d .s, :m .,r :d .d | d :-.||

:S:

.s :m .s | d' :t .d' :l .t | l :s .m :s .l | s :m .d :mr .,d

1. What will you do, love, when I am go - ing, With white sail flow - ing, the seas be-
2. What would you do, love, if distant tid - ings Thy fond con- fid - ings shall under-
3. What would you do, love, when home re- turning, With hopes high burn-ing, with wealth for

d :- .s,s :m .s | d' :t .d' :l .t | tl :s .m :s .l

yond? What will you do, love, when waves di- vide ns And friends may
mine; And I a - bid - ing 'neath sul - try skies, Should think other
you, If my bark which bound-ed o'er for - eign foam, Should be lost near

rall. *tempo.*

s :m .d :dmr .,d | d :- .d :r .m | f :d .f :s .d

chide us for be-ing fond! Tho' waves di- vide us, and friends be
eyes were as bright as thine? Oh! name it not tho' guilt and
home— ah, what would you do? So thou wert spared, I'd bless the

dolce.

l :f .l :t .d' | s :m .d :t, .d | r :s .f :m .s

chid - ing, In faith a - bid - ing, I'll still be true; And I'll pray for
shame Were on thy name, I'd still be true; But that heart of
mor - row, In want and sor - row, that left me you! And I'd wel-come

rall.

d' :t .d' :l .t | l :s .m :s .l | s :m .d :dmr .,d | d :- . :

thee on the stormy o - cean, In deep de- votion, That's what I'll do!
thine, should another share it, I could not bear it, What would I do?
thee from the wasting billow, This heart thy pil-low, That's what I'd do!

D.S.

l :- .l :t .d' | s :- .s,l,: t,d.r,m | f :- .s, :m .,r | d :— ||

Terence's Farewell.

KEY A♭. *Andante affettuoso.* LADY DUFFERIN.

{ :l, .,t, | d :m :d | t, :r :t, | l, :m, :l, .,t, | rd .t, :d .r :m .f }

:𝄋:

{ | t, :t, :– .t, | l, :— || l₁ .,t₁ | d :m :d | t₁ :r :t₁ }

1. So, my Kath - leen, you're go - ing to
2. Och! them Eng - lish— de - ceav - ers by

{ | l₁ :s₁ :l₁.,t₁ | d :m :d | t₁ :r :t₁ | l₁ : :l₁ .t₁ }

lave me, All a- lone by my - self in this place! But I'm
na - ture! Though may be you'll think them sin - cere, They'll

{ | d :m :d | t₁ :r :– .t₁ | l₁ :s₁ . :m₁ | d :–.t₁ :l₁ }

sure that you'll nev - er de- ceave me; Oh, no! if there's
say you're a charm -ing sweet crea - ture, But don't you be -

{ | m₁ :l₁ :se₁ | l₁ : :s₁ | d :–.r :m .,f | s :m :d }

truth in that face! Though Eng - land's a beau - ti - ful
leave them, my dear! No, Kath - leen a- grah! don't be

rit.

{ | t₁ :s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | d :– .r :m .f | s :m :– .s | l :— :l .l }

coun - try, Full of il - i - gant boys— och! what then? You
mind - in' The flat - ter - ing speech-es they'll make; Just

a tempo. *rall.*

{ | s :– .f :m | r :m :d | t₁ .s₁ :— :l₁.t₁ | d :–.t₁ :l₁ | m₁ :l₁ :–.se₁ }

would - n't for - get your poor Terence, You'll come back to old Ire - land a -
tell them a poor boy in Ire - land Is break - in' his heart for your

D.S.

{ | l₁ :— : | f :m . :r | r :d . :t, | t, :l, . :se, | l, :— ‖ }

gain!
sake!

3. It's a folly to keep you from goin',
Though, faith it's a mighty hard case!
For, Kathleen, you know there's no knowin'
When next I may see your sweet face!
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better shall I be off then;
You'll be spakin' such beautiful English,
Sure, I wont know my Kathleen again!

4. Eh, now! what's the need of this hurry?
Don't fluster me so in this way!
I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
Ev'ry word I was manin' to say!
Now, just wait a minute, I bid ye!
Can I talk if ye bother me so?
Och! Kathleen, my blessin' go wid ye,
Ev'ry inch of the way that you go!

Believe Me if All.

KEY D. *Moderato.*

s :-:-|-:- || m .r | d :-.r:d | d :m :s | f :l :d' | d' :—:t .,l

Be - lieve me if all those en - dearing young charms, Which I
It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy

s :-.f :m | r :d :r | m :— :— | — :— :m .,r

gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to
cheeks un - pro - faned by a - tear, That the

d :-.r :d | d :m :s | f :l :d' | d' :— :t .l

change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like
fer - vour and faith of a soul can be known, To which

s :d' :m | r :-.d :r | d :— :— | — :— :s .f

fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou would'st
time will but make thee more dear! Oh! the

m :s :d' | d' :-.s :s | l :f :d' | d' :— :t .l

still be a - dored, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
heart which has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as

s :-.f :m | r :-.d :r | m :— :— | — :— :m .r

love - li - ness fade as it will; And a
tru - ly loves on to the close, As the

d :-.r :d | d :m :s | f :l :d' | d' :— :t .l

round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en-
sun - flow-er turns on her god when he sets, The same

D.C.

s :d' :m | r :-.d :r | d :— :— | — :— ||

twine it - self ver - dant-ly still.
look which she turned when he rose.

Camptown Races;

OR, "GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT."

KEY D. *Moderato.* Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

Four Measures Instrumental. | *s' .s' :m',f'.s'* | *l' .s' :m' .,d'* | *m',r'.d',r':m' .r'* | *d' :-.* ||

			Chorus.	Solo.
.s	s .s :m .s	l .s :m .	m .r :—	m .r :- .s
1. De	Camptown la - dies	sing dis song—	Doo-dah !	doo-dah ! De
2. De	long-tail filly and de	big black hoss—	Doo-dah !	doo-dah ! Dey
3. Old	mu - ley cow come	on to de track—	Doo-dah !	doo-dah ! De
4. See	dem flyin' on a	ten - mile heat—	Doo-dah !	doo-dah !

		Chorus.	Solo.
s .s :m .s	l .s :m .	r :m .r	d : .s
Camptown race-track	five miles long—	Oh ! doo - dah-	day ! I
fly de track and dey both	cut a - cross—	Oh ! doo - dah-	day ! De
bob - tail fling her	ober his back—	Oh ! doo - dah-	day ! Den
Round de race-track,	den re - peat—	Oh ! doo - dah-	day ! I

		Chorus.	Solo.
s .s :m .s ,s	l .s :m .	m .r :—	m .r :- .s
come down dah wid my	hat caved in—	Doo-dah !	doo-dah ! I
blind hoss sticken in a	big mud hole—	Doo-dah !	doo-dah !
fly a - long like a	rail - road car—	Doo-dah !	doo-dah !
win my money on de	bob - tail nag—	Doo-dah !	doo-dah ! I

		Chorus.	
s .s :m,m .s ,s	l,l .s ,s :m .	r :m .r	d :- .
go back home wid a	pocket full of tin—	Oh ! doo-dah -	day !
Can't touch bottom wid a	ten - foot pole—	Oh ! doo-dah -	day !
Runnin' a race wid a	shoot -in' star—	Oh ! doo-dah -	day !
keep my money in an	old tow bag—	Oh ! doo-dah -	day !

Chorus. *f*

d .,d :m .s	d' :- .	l .,l :d' .l	s :- .m,f	
d .,d :d .m	m :- .	f .,f :l .f	m :- .d,r	
Gwine to run all	night !	Gwine to run all	day !	I'll
m .,m :s .d'	d' :- .	d' .,d' :d' .d'	d' :- .s	
d .,d :d .d	d :- .	d .,d :d .d	d :- .d	

D.C.

s .s :m,m .s ,s	l .s :m	r .m,f :m,r .-,r d :—
m .m :d ,d .m,m	f .m :d	r .r ,r : $t_{|}$,$t_{|}$.-,$t_{|}$ d :—
bet my money on de	bob - tail nag—	Somebody bet on de bay.
d' .d' : d',d'.d',d'	d' .d' :s	l .l ,l : s ,f .-,f m :—
d .d : d ,d .d ,d	d .d :d	$f_{|}$.$f_{|}$,$f_{|}$: $s_{|}$,$s_{|}$.-,$s_{|}$ d :—

Barney, take me Home again.

Words by Arthur W. French. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Key A♭. *Andante.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | m .,f : s :- .m' | r' .,d' : d' : . ||

With feeling.

.s₁ | l₁ .,s₁ : m :- .d | r .,l₁ : f :- .r | d .,t₁ : l₁ :- .s₁

1. Oh, Bar - ney dear, I'd give the world To see my home a -
2. Oh, Bar - ney dear, In hap-py dreams I live once more the
3. Oh, Bar - ney dear, why did we roam To seek a for - tune

d .,r : m :- .s₁ | l₁ .,s₁ : m :- .d | r .,l₁ : f :- .r

cross the sea, Where all the days were joy im - pearl'd Bo -
dear old days, By flow-'ry dells and sun-kiss'd streams, Sweet
in the West, When love and peace in that old home Were

m .,f : s :- .m | r .,d : d : | d' .l : s .m : r .,d

fore I went to roam with thee.
re - col - lec - tion fond-ly strays.
bet - ter far than all the rest?

d : .s₁ : t₁ .,d | r :- .f : m .,r | d :- .d : t₁ .,d

I long be- neath its roof to rest, Where never
I see each well - re-membered face, And hear their
For what is fame, and wealth, and all, When life is

r :- .fe : m .,r | s :- . : .s₁ | l₁ .,s₁ : m :- .d

comes a · care or pain; In all the earth it
voi - ces' glad re- frain, As mem-o - ry its
dark with care or pain? The past is far be -

r .,l₁ : f :- .r | m .,f : s :- .m | r .,d : d :- . ||

is the best— Oh, Bar - ney, take me home a - gain!
steps re - trace— Oh, Bar - ney, take me home a - gain!
yond re - call— Oh, Bar - ney, take me home a - gain!

Chorus.

.d | m .,d : l :– .s | f .,t₁ : r :– .m
Oh, take me home, yes, take me home, To
.s₁ | d .,s₁ : f :– .m | r .,s₁ : t₁ :– .d
: .d : d .d | t₁ .,r : s :– .
Oh, take, yes, take me home,
: .d₁ : d₁ .d₁ | s₁ .,s₁ : s₁ :– .

f .,t₁ : s :– .f | m .,re : m :– .s₁ | l₁ .,s₁ : m :– .d
where my heart will know no pain; I'll go with thee a -
r .,s₁ : t₁ :– .l₁ | s₁ .,fe₁ : s₁ :– .m₁ | f₁ .,m₁ : s₁ :– .s₁
: .t₁ : t₁ .t₁ | d .,d : d :– .d | d .,d : d :– .d
My heart will know no pain; I'll go with thee a -
: .s₁ : s₁ .s₁ | d₁ .,d₁ : d₁ :– .d₁ | d₁ .,d₁ : d₁ :– .m₁

D.C.

r .,l₁ : f :– .r | m .,f : s :– .m | r .,d : d :– .
l₁ .,f₁ : l₁ :– .l₁ | d .,d : d :– .s₁ | t₁ .,s₁ : s₁ :– .
cross the sea, Oh, Bar - ney, take me home a - gain!
l₁ .,r : r :– .r | d .,r : m :– .d | f .,m : m :– .
f₁ .,f₁ : r₁ :– .f₁ | s₁ .,s₁ : s₁ :– .s₁ | s₁ .,d₁ : d₁ :– .

I'll take you Home again, Kathleen.

Words and Music by THOMAS P. WESTENDORF.

KEY F. *Andante con espressione.* *With feeling.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | *t* : –.*l* | *s* .*t*; *m*.*r* | *d* : — | — ‖ s₁ | m : –.m | f .r : l .fe
1. I'll take you home again, Kath-
2. I know you love me, Kathleen,
3. To that dear home beyond the

s : — | — : .m | m : – .r | de.r : m .,r | d : — | — : .s₁
leen, A - cross the ocean wild and wide, To
dear, Your heart was ever fond and true; I
sea, My Kath - leen shall again re - turn, And

C.t.

m : – .m | f .r : l .fe | s : — | — : .ᵐl | s : – .dˡ | rˡ .t : l .s
where your heart has ev-er heen, Since first you were my honny
al - ways feel when you are near, That life holds nothing dear but
when thy old friends welcome thee, Thy lov - ing heart will cease to

f. F.

d' :— |— : .d's | l :–.s |f .m :f .fe | s :— |— : .s

bride. The ro - ses all have left your cheek, I've
you. The smiles that once you gave to me, I
yearn. Where laughs the lit-tle sil-ver stream, Be-

t :–.l |s .f :r .f | m :— |— : .m | m :–.l |m .m :f .f

watched them fade away and die; Your voice is sad whene'er you
scarce - ly ev-er see them now, Tho' ma - ny, many times I
side your mother's humble cot, And bright - est rays of sunshine

m :— |— : .m | r :– .r |m .r :m .fe | s :— |

speak, And tears be - dim your lov-ing eye.
see A dark - 'ning shadow on your brow.
gleam, There all your grief will be for - got.

Chorus.

:s | m :– .m |f .r :l .fe | s :— |— : .m

Oh! I will take you back, Kath- leen, To

:t, | : | : *p* d .d :d .d |d : |

:f | : | : m .m :m .m |m : |

Oh! Take you back, Kathleen!

:s, | : | : d .d :d .d |d : |

m :– .r |de.r :m .r | d :— |— : .s | s :– .m |r .d :l,.d

where your heart will know no pain, And when the fields are fresh and

: | : s,.s, : s,.s, |s, : : | :

: | : m .m :m .m |m : : | :

Heart will know no pain,

: | : d .d :d .d |d : : | :

l :— |— : t .l | s :– .m |r .m :f .t, | d :— |—

green, I'll take you to your home a - gain.

d .d :d .d |d : d :– .d |t, .t, :t, .s, | s, :l, .l, |s,

f .f :f .f |f : m :– .s |f .s :r .f | m :f .f |m

Fields are fresh and green, Take you to your home a - gain, home a - gain.

f, .f, :f, .f, |f, : s, :– .s, |s, .s, :s, .s, | d :d .d |d

Scotland Yet!

Words by H. S. Riddell. Music by P. M'Leod.

Key D. *Con spirito.*

:S:

Six Measures Instrumental. | s' ,d².– : m² .,r² | d² : . || .f | m .,d : s .m |
1. Gae bring my guid auld
2. The heath waves wild up-

d' .,l : f .l | s .m : m̂r .,d | t₁,r .– : .f | m .d : s .,m |
harp ance mair, Gae bring it free and fast, For I maun sing an-
on her hills, And foaming frae the fells, Her fountains sing of

d' .,l : l . ,d' | t .,r'r : r .,fe | s : .t | d' .s : r' .s |
i - ther sang, Ere a' my glee be past. And trow ye, as I
free - dom still, As they dance down the dells. And weel I lo'e the

{m' d'} .,r' : d' .,t | r' .,d' : t .l | s : .s | d̂' .,t : l .s |
sing, my lads, The bur - den o't shall be, Auld Scotland's howes, and
land, my lads, That's gird - ed by the sea; Then Scotland's vales, and

l̂ .,s : f .f | m .d : s .,f | r : .f | m .s : d' .,s |
Scotland's knowes, And Scotland's hills for me! I'll drink a cup to
Scotland's dales, And Scotland's hills for me! I'll drink a cup to

rall. ad lib. *D.S.*

m' .d' : l .l | s .,d' : m' .,r' | d' : | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ||
Scot-land yet, Wi' a' the hon-ours three!
Scot-land yet, Wi' a' the hon-ours three!

3.

The thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
To dye her auld grey plaid;
And, looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee:
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me!
Then drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

4.

They tell o' lands with brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang:
Gi'e me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang!
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me!
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

The Banks of Allan Water.

KEY G. *Andante con espressione.* C. E. HORN.

:m,.,s, | d :-.m :r .,t, | d :s,. :s .,s | l :— :-.t | d' :d ||

:S: p

:m| .,s| | d :-.m :r .,t| | d :s| :s|.,s| | l| :-.t| :d.mr | d :-.t|:s|.,d

1. On the banks of Allan Wa - ter, When the sweet spring time did fall, Was the
2. On the banks of Allan Water, When brown autumn spread his store, There I
3. On the banks of Allan Wa - ter, When the win - ter snow fell fast, Still was

m :- .d :r .,t| | d :se| :— | l| .,l| :r . :t|

mil - ler's love - ly daugh - ter, Fair-est of them
saw the mil - ler's daugh - ter, But she smiled no
seen the mil - ler's daugh - ter, Chilling blew the

d :— :t| .,d | r :- .r :t| .s| | d :r :m .,m

all. For his bride a sol - dier sought her, And a
more. For the sum - mer grief had brought her, And the
blast! But the mil - ler's love-ly daugh - ter Both from

f :- .r :m .,d | m :r :s .,f | m :- .,f :r .,m

win - ning tongue had he,— On the banks of Al - lan
sol - dier false was he,— On the banks of Al - lan
cold and care was free,— On the banks of Al - lan

ad lib. *D.S.*

d :s| : | l|.,l|:r :t| | d :— : | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ||

Wa - ter, None so gay as she.
Wa - ter, None so sad as she.
Wa - ter, There a corse lay she.

Dublin Bay.

Words by MRS. CRAWFORD. Music by GEORGE BARKER.

KEY C. *Andante con spirito.*

Six Measures Instrumental. | s' :f² :m² | r² :d² :t' | d² :— :— | — :— ||

:s .s | m' :— :d' | s :— :f .m | r :f :— | l :— :l .l

1. He sailed a - way in a gal - lant bark, Roy
2. Three days they sailed and a storm a - rose, And the
3. On the crowd - ed deck of the doomed ship Some

s :fe :s | l :— :s | d :— :— | :s :d'

Neill and his fair young bride, He had
light - ning swept the deep, And the
stood in their mute des - pair, And

m' :— :d' | s :— :f .m | r :— :f | l :— :l .l

ven - tured all in that bound - ing oak, That
thun - der crash broke the short re - pose Of the
some, more calm, with a ho - ly lip, Sought the

s :f' :m' | r' :l :t | d' :— :— | : :d' .d'

danced o'er the sil - ver tide; But his
wea - ry sea - boy's sleep; Roy
God of the storm in prayer. "She has

d' :— :d' .d' | d' :- .t :l | d' :t :— | t :— :m' .m'

heart was young, and his spi - rit light, And he
Neill, be clasped his weep - ing bride, And he
struck on the rocks!" the sea - men cried, In the

f' :f' :f' | d' :— :r' | m' :— :— | — :— :m' .m'

dashed the tear a - way, As he
kissed her tears a - way, "O
breath of their wild dis - may, And the

p

m' :— :d' .d' | s :— :m .m | r :— :f | l :— :l .l

watched the shores re - cede from sight, Of his
Love! 'twas a fa - tal hour," she cried, "When we
ship went down, and the fair young bride, That

s :f' :m' | r' :l :t | d' :— :— | — :— :

own sweet Dub - lin Bay.
left sweet Dub - lin Bay."
sailed from Dub - lin Bay.

Four Measures Instrumental.

Good Old Jeff.

Key G. Composed by G. W. H. Griffin.

:s | s :— :d′ | m′ :— :r′ | d′ :— :l | d′ :— :d′

| t :— :d′ | r′ :f′ :m′ | d′ :— :— | — :—

p

:s, | s, :— :d | m :— :r | d :— :l, | d :—
1. 'Tis just a year a - go to - day,
2. She took my arm, we walked a - long,
3. But since that time how things have changed,

:d | t, :t, :d | r :— :t, | d :— :— | — :—
That I re - mem - ber well,
In - to an o - pen field,
Poor Nel - ly, that was my bride,

:s, | s, :— :d | m :— :r | d :— :l, | d :—
I sat down by poor Nel - ly's side,
And there she paused to breathe a while,
Is laid be - neath the cold grave sod,

:d .d | t, :— :d | r :— :t, | d :— :— | — :—
And a sto - ry she did tell;
Then to his grave did steal;
Down by her fa - ther's side;

:d | t, :— :d | r :— :t, | d :m :— | s, :—
'Twas 'bout a good old dar - key, Jeff,
She sat down by that lit - tle mound,
I plant - ed there up - on his grave

:d | l, :— :l, | f :— :l, | s, :— :— | — :
That lived for ma - ny a year;
And soft - ly whis - pered there,
The weep - ing wil - low tree,

:s, | s, :— :d | m :— :r | d :— :l, | d :—
But now he's dead and in his grave,
"Come to me, fa - ther, 'tis thy child,"
I bathed its roots with ma - ny a tear,

:d | t, :— :d | r :— :t, | d :— :— | — :— ||
No trou - ble does he fear.
Then gent - ly dropped a tear.
That it might shel - ter me.

p **Chorus.**

:m | m :— :m | m :— :m | f :— :f | f :—
:d | d :— :d | d :— :d | t, :— :t, | t, :—
For good old Jeff has gone to rest,
:s | s :— :s | s :— :s | s :— :s | s :—
:d | d :— :d | d :— :d | r :— :r | r :—

:m | r :— :r | r :m :f | m :— :— | — :—
:d | t, :— :t, | t, :— :t, | d :— :— | — :—
We know that he is free;
:s | s :— :s | s :— :s | s :— :— | — :—
:d | s, :— :s, | s, :— :s, | d :— :— | — :—

:m | m :— :m | m :— :s | s :f :— | f :—
:d | d :— :d | d :— :ta, | ta, :l, :— | l, :—
Dis - turb him not, but let him rest,
:s | s :— :s | s :— :m | f :f :— | f :—
:d | d :— :d | d :— :d | f, :f, :— | f, :—

p *D.C.*
:f | m :— :m | r :— :r | d :— :— | — :— ||
:l, | d :— :d | t, :— :t, | d :— :— | — :— ||
'Way down in Ten - ne - see.
:d | d :— :m | s :— :f | m :— :— | — :— ||
:f, | s, :— :s, | s, :— :s, | d, :— :— | — :— ||

"Poor Old Joe."

Key D. *Adagio.* Written and Composed by S. C. Foster.

d′	: m′.,f′	| s′	:	.s′	| l′ .d²	: t′ .l′	| s′	:	.d²	| t′ .d²	: r².t′	| d².l′	: s′	.l′					
m′	: r′	| d′	: —		| d	: m.,f	| s	:	.s,s	| l .d′	: t .l	| s	:	– .(d)				
					1. Gone are the days when my					heart was young and gay,									
					2. Why do I weep when my					heart should feel no pain?									
					3. Where are the hearts once so					happy and so free? The									
d	: m.,f	| s	:	.s,s	| l .s	: f .,m	| r	: —		| d	: m.,f	| s	:	.s,s					
Gone are my friends			from the		cotton fields away,					Gone from the earth to a									
Why do I sigh			that my		friends come no' again?					Griev-ing for forms now de-									
chil - dren so dear			that I		held upon my knee?					Gone to the shore where my									
l .d′	: t .l	| s	:	.d′	| t .,d′	: r′ .t	| d′ .l	: s .l		| m	: r	| d	: – .					
better land, I know,			I		hear their gentle voices calling,					"Poor old Joe."									
parted long a - go,			I		hear their gentle voices calling,					"Poor old Joe."									
soul has longed to go,			I		hear their gentle voices calling,					"Poor old Joe."									

p **Chorus.**

.s	| m	.s	:	.s	| m	.s	:	.s,s	| l	.d′	: t	.l	| s		:	.		
.m	| d	.m	:	.m	| d	.m	:	.m,m	| f	.l	: s	.f	| m		:	.		
I'm	coming,			I'm	com - ing,			For my	head is		bending	low;							
.d′	| d′	.d′	:	.d′	| d′	.d′	:	.d′,d′	| d′	.d′	: d′	.d′	| d′		:	.		
.d	| d	.d	:	.d	| d	.d	:	.d,d	| d	.d	: d	.d	| d		:	.		

Repeat pianissimo after last verse. D.C.

.d′	| t	.d′	: r′	.t	| d′	.l	: s	.l	| ṁ		: ṙ		| ḋ		: –	.		
.m	| r	.m	: f	.r	| m	.f	: m	.f	| d		: t_1		| d		: –	.		
I	hear those gentle				voic-es			call-ing,	"Poor		old		Joe."						
.s	| s	.s	: s	.ṡ	| s	.d′	: d′	.d′	| s		: f		| m		: –	.		
.d	| s_1	.s_1	: s_1	.s_1	| d	.d	: d	.f_1	| s_1		: s_1		| d		: –	.		

Come, Birdie, Come.

KEY B♭. *Allegretto.* Words and Music by C. A. WHITE.

Six Measures Instrumental. | *s* :*t* :*d'* | *r'* :— :*f'* | *f'* :— :*m'* | *d'* :— : ‖

:𝄋:

s,	:fe,	:s,	|m	:—	:m	|r	:—	:m	|d	:—	:
1. Beau -	ti -	ful	bird		of	spring		has	come,		
2. Ye	lit -	tle	birds		that	sit		and	sing,		
3. Bir -	die,	what	makes		you	fly		a -	way,		
s,	:fe,	:s,	|t,	:—	:t,	|f,	:—	:l,	|s,	:—	:
Seek -	ing	a	place		to	build		his	home,		
Ma -	ny	a	thought		of	loved		ones	bring,		
When	I	come	near		you,	tell		me,	pray?		
s,	:fe,	:s,	|m	:—	:m	|r	:—	:m	|d	:—	:
War -	bling	his	song		so	light		and	free,		
Hov -	'ring	a -	round		your	ti -		ny	nest,		
I'll	not	de -	ceive		you,	you		are	free,		
t,	:l,	:t,	|r	:—	:r	|l,	:—	:t,	|s,	:—	:
Beau -	ti -	ful	bird,		come	live		with	me.		
Call -	ing	your	loved		ones	home		to	rest.		
If	you	should	come		and	live		with	me.		
s,	:r	:m	|f	:—	:	*s*	:*r'*	:*m'*	|*f'*	:—	:
Come	live	with	me,								
O	hap -	py	bird!								
Now,	bir -	die,	fly,								
s,	:d	:r	|m	:—	:	*s*	:*d'*	:*r'*	|*m'*	:—	:
you	shall	be	free								
no	thought	of	care,								
fast	to	the	sky,								
r	:de	:r	|m	:—	:r	|l,	:—	:d	|t,	:—	:
If	you	will	come		and	live		with	me,		
No	ach -	ing	heart,		no	grief		to	bear,		
To	your	sweet	home,		for	night		is	nigh,		
s,	:r	:m	|f	:—	:	*s*	:*r'*	:*m'*	|*f'*	:—	:
Come	live	with	me,								
Ov -	er	the	land,								
And	when	the	sun								

s, :d :r |m :— : | s :d' :r' |m' :— :

you shall be free,
ov - er the sea,
shines o'er the lea,

> > > *f* ⌒

r :de :r |s :— :f | t, .m :— :r |d :— :

Beau - ti - ful bird, come live with me.
Come change your home and live with me.
Bring thy sweet mate and live with me.

con dolore.

d :t, :d |l, :— : | d :t, :d |l, :— :

I'm all a - lone,
Come change your home,
Then we will sing,

d :t, :d |l, :— : | d :t, :d |l, :— :

Come live with me,
No more to roam,
Day - light to bring,

> > > *f*

d :t, :l, |m :— :— | — :— :— |— :— :—

Come live with me. - -
Come change your home. - -
Then we will sing. - -

— :— :— |— :— :— | — :— :— |— :— :—

s, :fe, :s, |m :— :m | r :— :m |d :— :

Come, bir - die, come and live with me,

s, :fe, :s, |t, :— :t, | f, :— :l, |s, :— :

We will be hap - py, light, and free;

s, :d :m |s :— :s | s :— :f |l, :— :

You shall be all the world to me,

s, :t, :d |r :— :f | f :— :m |m :— :

Come, bir - die, come and live with me,

ad lib.

s, d :m | s :— :s | s :— :f | l, :— :

You shall be all the world to me,

a tempo.

s, :t, :d | r :—:f | f :—:m | d :—:

Come, bir-die, come and llve with me.

Eight Measures Instrumental.

The Vacant Chair.

Words by H. S. W. Music by G. F. Root.

Key B♭. *With expression.*

Six Measures Instrumental.

l .s :d′ .t :m′.r′ | d′ :d

1. We shall meet, but we shall
2. At our fire - side, sad and
3. True, they tell us wreaths of

s, .,s, | s, :- .s, :l, .s,

s, .d :— :s, .,s, | s, :- .s, :l, .s, | r :— :s, .,s, | m :- .r :d .t,

miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall lin - ger to car-
lonely, Of-ten will the bosom swell, At re- mem - brance of the
glory Ev - er- more will deck his brow, But this soothes the anguish

F.t.

t, .l, :— :m .,r | d :- .t, :l, .t, | d :— :df .,f | s :- .s :f .r

ess him, While we breathe our ev'ning prayer; When, a year a - go we
story, How our no - ble Willie fell; How he strove to bear our
only Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to- day, O ear-ly

m .s :— :s .,d′ | t :- .l :s .f | m :— :s .,s | s :- .s :f .r

gathered, Joy was in his mild, blue eye, But a gold - en cord is
banner Through the thick - est of the fight, And up- hold our country's
fallen; In thy green and narrow bed, Dirges from the pine and

f.B♭.

m .s :— :d′ .,d′ | t :- .s :f .r | d :— :ds, .,s, | s, :- .s, :l, .s,

severed, And our hopes in ru - in lie. We shall meet, but we shall
honour, In the strength of manhood's might.
cypress, Mingle with the tears we shed.

s, .d :— :s, .,s, | s, :- .s, :l, .s, | r :— :s, .,s, | m :- .r :d .t,

miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall lin - ger to car-

D.S.

t, .l, :— :m .,r | d :- .t, :l, .t, | d :— :

ess him, When we breathe our ev'ning prayer.

Four Measures Instrumental.

Lochnagar.

Words by Byron.
Key B♭. *Moderato.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | t, .s :l .s | f,r.– :l, .,t, | d :m | d ‖

:S:

:s, .,m, | d, :d, .m, | s, :s, .l, | d :m .,r | ʳd :d .l, |
1. A - way, ye gay land - scapes, ye gar - dens o' ro - ses, In
2. Ah, there my young foot - steps in in - fan - cy wan - dered, My

s, .,l, :d .,l, | s,,m,.– :m, .,d, | r, .,d, :r, .,m, | r, :s, .,m, |
you let the min - ions of lux - u - ry rove: Re -
cap was the bon - net, my cloak was the plaid; On

d, :d, .,m, | s, :s, .,l, | d :m .,r | ʳd :d .l, |
store me the rocks where the snow - flake re - po - ses, If
chief - tains de - part - ed my mem - o - ry pon - dered, As

s, .l, :d .,l, | s,,m,.– :m, .,d, | r, .,d, :r, .,m, | d, : (.s,) |
still they are sa - cred to free - dom and love.
dai - ly I strayed through the pine - cov - ered glade. I

d :m .,r | ʳd :d .s, | l, :d .,l, | s, :m, .f, |
Yet, Cal - e - don - ia, dear are thy moun - tains,
sought not my home till the day's dy - ing glo - ry Gave

s,,m,.– :r, .,d, | d,,d .– :d .,l, | s,,m,.– :r, .d, | r, :m .,f |
Round their white sum - mits though el - e - ments war, Though
place to the rays of the bright pol - ar star, For

s .,f :m,r .d,t, | ʳd :d .s, | l, .f ,m :r,d.t,,l, | s, :m, .f, |
ca - ta - racts foam 'stead of smooth flow-ing foun - tains, I
fan - cy was cheered by tra - di - tion-al sto - ry, Dis-

s, :l, .,s, | s,,l,.d :s .,f | m :r .,d | d ‖ s,
sigh for the val - ley of dark Loch - na - gar,
closed by the na - tives of dark Loch - na - gar.

D.S.

d :m .,r | r .d :m .s | f :r .,m | d ‖

3.

Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Lochnagar, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Lochnagar.

4.

Years have rolled on, Lochnagar, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I see you again;
Though nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar;
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar!

When Lubin Sings of Youth's Delight.

CANZONET.

Words by J. Gill. Music by J. W. Hobbs.

Key A♭. *Andantino affettuoso.* ♯

Three Measures Instrumental. | *l, .s, :l .s | d* || 1. s, | s, :l, | s, :-.d
2. When Lu - bin sings of
2. When ev - 'ning falls we

m :-.r | d :d | t, {:l,s.fe,s / :s} | d :m.d | s :— | — :—
youth's de - light, His voice is soft and clear, - -
of - ten meet, To watch the close of day, - -

p >
— :— | — :s, | s, :l, | s, :d | m :-.r | d :l,
- - Yet while his eyes are spark - ling bright, Mine
- - But nought to me seems half so sweet As

ad lib. >
s, :s,l,s,fe,s, | m :- .r | d : | l, .t, :d .r | m :f | s : .s
fill with many a tear. A-
Lu - bin's sim - ple lay. A-

> > >
s :f, .f | f :m, .m | m.r :r.de | r :-.m | f :m | m.l, :m.r
las! no sigh of love he wakes A - mid his gen - tle
las! no breath of love e'er plays A - mid his gen - tle

cres. ⊙ *p*
d :— | t, :s, | s, :l, | t, :d | r :m | f :f
strain, But while my heart with an - guish breaks, He
strain, For when I sigh or, weep - ing, gaze, He

dolce.

m	:f .r	|d	:t,	|s	:—	|—	:—	|—	:—	|—	:– .s	
smiles,	then sings	a -		gain,	.	.		.	.	.	But	
smiles,	then sings	a -		gain,	.	.		.	.	.	For	

ad lib.

s l s.f	:f s f.m	|m f m.r	:r .de	|r	:m *f*	|f	:f
while	my	heart	with	an -	guish	breaks	He
when	I	sigh	or,	weep -	ing,	gaze,	He

tr.

m	:f*sfmfl*,r	|d	:t,*dmrd*	|d	:—	|s	*.f*	:*m*	*.r*
smiles,	then	sings	a -	gain.					
smiles,	then	sings	a -	gain.					

d	*.d*	:*t*,	*.l*,	|*s*,	*.s*,	:*t*,*l*,	*.s*,	|*d*	:— |— :

The Gipsy's Warning.

Key C. *Moderato.* ;S:

Two Measures	*s'*	:– *.s'*	: *l'*	*.t'*	*d²*	: *d'*	1.	m .f	s	:d	:m' .r'
Instrumental.							2.	Do not	trust	him,	gentle
								Do not	turn	so	coldly

d'	:m	:t .,l	s	:– .r	: s .f	m	:– .	:m .f	s	:d	:m' .,r'
la -	dy,	Though his	voice	be low and		sweet,		Heed not	him	who kneels be-	
from	me,	I would	on -	ly guard thy		youth		From his	stern	and with -'ring	

rit.

d'	:m	:t .l	s	:– .r	: f .,m	d	:– .	:r .m	f	:r'	:d',t.l
fore	thee,	Gently	plead -	ing at thy		feet.		Now thy	life	is	in its
pow -	er,	I would	on -	ly tell thee		truth;		I would	shield	thee	from all

a tempo.

s	:d'	:t' .d'	r'	:– .r	: t .,l	s	: fe.f	:m .f	s	:d	:d' .d'
morn -	ing,	Cloud not	this	thy happy		lot,		Listen	to	the	gipsy's
dan -	ger,	Save thee	from	the tompter's		snare,		Lady,	shun	that	dark-eyed

t .l	:—	:r .m	s	:– .s	: f .r	m	:–.	:m .f	s	:d	:d' .,s
warning,		Gentle	la -	dy, trust him		not,		Listen	to	the	gipsy's
stranger,		I have	warned thee, now be-			ware,		Lady,	shun	that	dark-eyed

rit. *D.S.*

t .l :-. :r .m | s :-.s {: l .t | d' :-.
: f .r | d :-.}: | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ||

warning, Gentle la - dy, trust him not.
stranger, I have warned thee, now be- ware.

3.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Pure and bright, and like thee, fair,
But he wooed, and wooed, and won her,
Filled her gentle heart with care;
Then he heeded not her weeping,
Nor cared he her life to save;
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave,
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

4.

Keep thy gold, I do not wish it!
Lady, I have prayed for this,
For the hour when I might foil him,
Rob him of expected bliss;
Gentle lady, do not wonder
At my words so cold and wild,
Lady, in that green grave, yonder,
Lies the gipsy's only child,
Lady, in that green grave, yonder,
Lies the gipsy's only child.

I am a Roamer.

KEY D. *Allegro vivace.* Music by MENDELSSOHN.

Ten Measures Instrumental. | m' : | s' : s .l | t. d' : r'.m' | f' .s' : l' .t' ||

f :𝄋:

d' :— | s :s | l :s | l :s | l :l | r' :d'
1.I am a roam - er bold and gay, Who thro' the
2.I am the man, what - e'er they play, Can put you

t :d' | r' :t | d' :— | : | d' :— | —:—
world have danc'd my way, Ay,
in the pro - per way, Ay,

— :l | l :l | t :d' | r' :t | d' :— | :m
who thro' the world have danc'd my way, From
can put you in the pro - per way, Where

m' :m' | m' :d' | t :t | t :d' | t :d' | t :d'
Po - land to the Ir - ish sea, Do I know all, and
ev - 'ry clown a - mong ye all Would stum - ble o'er his

f

t :t | t :t .d' | r' :— | r' :— | s :— | :m
all know me, and all know me, From
leg and fall, o'er his leg and fall, Where

m' :m' |m' :m' | t :t |t :d' | t :d' |t :d'
Po - land to the | Ir - ish sea, Do | I know all, and
ev - 'ry clown a - | mong ye all Would | stum - ble o'er his

t :t |t :t.d' | r' :— |r' :— | s :— | :t₁.d
all know me, and | all know | me, and
leg and fall, o'er his | leg and | fall, o'er his

r :— |r :— | s₁ :— | :s' | r' :r' |r' :l'
all know | me.
leg and | fall.

m' :m' |m' :fe'.s' | l' :l'.t' |d² :r' | t :s |s :—
The | ta - ran - telle,
You | know not yet

r' :r' |r' :l' | m' :m' |m' :fe'.s' | l' :l'.t' |d² :r'
With
The

t :s |s :— | r' :r' |r' :s | s :s |s :—
French vi - elle, | The | min - u - ets,
pi - rou - ette, | Nor | Scot - tish reel,

l' :l'.t' |d² :s | s :s₁ |s₁ :s₁ | d :d |s₁ :s₁
With | cas - ta - nets, The | rig - a - doon, The
With | toe and heel, For | a quad - rille You

d :d |s₁ :s₁ | d :d |s₁ :s₁ | d :d |d :d
A - rab tune, The | pol - ka hop, The | new ga - lop, The
have no skill, A | bear could do A | valse like you, You

pp

f₁ :f₁ |f₁ :f₁ | f₁ :f₁ |f₁ :f₁ | f₁ :f₁ |f₁ :f₁
ta - ran - telle, With | French vi - elle, The | min - u - ets, With
know not yet The | pi - rou - ette, Nor | Scot - tish reel, With

f,	:f,	|f,	:f	f,	:f,	|f,	:f	f,	:f,	|f,	:l
cas -	ta -	nets,	The	rig -	a -	doon,	The	A -	rab	tune,	The
toe	and	heel,	For	a	quad -	rille	You	have	no	skill,	A -

f,	:f,	|f,	:l	f,	:f,	|f,	:	*f* d'	:—	|s	:s
pol -	ka	hop,	The	new	ga -	lop;		I		know	'em
bear	could	do	A	valse	like	you;		But		pi -	ty

l	:s	|l	:f	s	:f	|s	:m	f	:m	|f	:r
all	from	A	to	Z,	And	by	my	heels	can	save	my
I	am	come	to	show,	And	teach	you	rus -	tics	all	I

d	:—	|	:	*f* d'	:—	|—	:—	—	:m'	|r'	:d'
head,				Ay,	-	-	-		-	by	my
know,				Ay,	-	-	-		-	teach	you

t	:d'	|r'	:t	d'	:d	|d	:d	r	:d	|r	:d
heels	can	save	my	head,	I	know	'em	all	from	A	to
rus -	tics	all	I	know,	But	pi -	ty	I	am	come	to

									cres.		
r	:d	|r	:d	r	:d	|r	:d	r	:m	|f	:s
Z,	And	by	my	heels	can	save	my	head,	And	by	my
show,	And	teach	you	rus -	tics	all	I	know,	But	pi -	ty

				ff							
l	:t	|d'	:r'	m'	:—	|—	:m'	r'	:—	|—	:r'
heels	can	save	my	head,			can	save			my
I	am	come,	am	come,			am	come			to

1st verse.		*D.S.*		*2nd verse.*							
d'	:—	*Nine Meas.*		d'	:d	|d	:d	r	:d	|r	:d
head.		*Instrumental.*		show,	But	pi -	ty	I	am	come	to

r	:d	|r	:d	r	:d	|r	:d	r	:m	|f	:s
show,	And	teach	you	rus -	tics	all	I	know,	But	pi -	ty

f

l :t |d' :r' |s :— |— :s |s, :— | :

I am come, am come to show.

ff *Maestoso.*

d' :— :s .,m |l :— :s |f :-.s,f:m .,f |m :.,d :m .,s

Thank the good stars, who you to teach Have put a

d' :— :s |m :— :*fm* r.,d |s, :— :— |— :s .,s :s .,s

mas - ter in your reach;

f

s :m :d |l : :f .r |t : :s .m |d' :d' .,d' :d' .,d'

What pro - fits arm or leg or span,

d' :t :l |s .m' :d' .s :m .d |s, :— :l, .t, |d :d' .,d' :d' .,d'

Save one can use 'em like a man,

tr. *Tempo I.*

d' :t :l |s .d' :m .s :d .m |l, :d :fe, ‖ s, :— |— :—

Save one can use 'em like a man,

|— :— |— :— |— :— |— :— |— :— |s :—

a

s, :— |— :— |— :— |— :— |— :— |— :—

man,

|— :— |s :— |s, :s, |s, :s, |s, :s, |s, :s,

a man? What pro - fits, pro - fits arm or

f

s, :s, |s, :s, |s, :s, |s, :s, |s :s |m :m

leg or span, Save one can use 'em like a man, Save

f :f |r :r |s :s |m :m |f :f |r :r

one can use 'em like a man, Save one can, one can

m' :— |— :m' |r' :— |d' :— |s :— |— :—

use 'em, use 'em like

s :— |— :— |d :— | : |

a man?

Twelve Measures Instrumental.

Kate O'Shane.

Words and Music by George Linley.

Key E♭. *Andantino semplice.* *mf*

Two Measures Instrumental. | r : m : r | d : — : — . | .d | m : m : — .r |
1. The cold winds of
2. 'Twas here we last

| rd : d : d | r : r : r | m : — : s | l : l : l |
Au - tumn Wail mourn-ful - ly here; The leaves round me
part - ed, 'Twas here we first met, And ne'er has he

| ls : s : s | f : m : mr | d : — : .d | m : m : — .r |
fall - ing Are fa - ded and sere; But chill though the
caused me One tear of re - gret; Tho' sea - sons may

| rd : d : — .d | r : r : — .r | m : — : s | l : l : l |
breeze be, And threatening the storm, My heart full of
al - ter, Their change I de - fy, My heart's one glad

| ls : s : s | f : m : mr | d : — : .d' | t .l : s .l : s .,m |
fond - ness, Beats kind - ly and warm. Oh! Denis dear, come back to
sum - mer, When Den - is is by. Oh! Denis dear, come back to

piu lento.

| s : — .f : m .,r | d .,r : m : s | l : — : d' | t .,l : s .l : s .,m |
me, I count the hours away from thee: Re - turn, O never part a-
me, I count the hours away from thee: Re - turn, O never part a-

slentando. *D.S.*

| s : — .f : m .r | d .r : m : mr | d : — : — . | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ||
gain From thy own darling, Kate O' Shane.
gain From thy own darling, Kate O' Shane.

A Soldier and a Man.

Words by Frank Pieri. Music by W. Garland.

Key F. *Maestoso moderato.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | s' : m' | r' : m' | d' : — : — ||

:S:

:s, | d : t, | l, : s,.,s, | d : m | s : -.f | m : d | l, : t,.,d

1. A sol - dier stood on the bat - tle - field, His wea - ry watch to
2. The night watch o'er the moon has dawned, Her light on earth to

r : — | — : s,.,s, | d : t, | l, : s,.,s, | d.m : s | l.f : -.r

keep, While the pale moon cov - ered her man - tle o'er The
show; And the sol - dier, true to his coun - try's call, Ad-

l.s : m.r | dmr : -.d | d : — | — : .m | m : -.m | m.f : m.r

souls that neath her sleep; "Ah, me!" he sighed, with
van - ces to meet the foe! A - mid the din of

d : -.r | m : .s | s : -.r | de.r : m.f | m : — | — : .m

tear - ful eye, And called on Him a - bove— "I'm
shot and shell, He fought with heart so brave, Till,

l : -.m | m.f : m.r | d : -.r | m : .m | r : -.m | fe.r : l.,s

far a - way from my chil - dren dear, And all on earth I
reel - ing from his faith - ful steed, He found a sol - dier's

s : — | — : .s,,s, | d : t, | l, : s, | d : m | s : -.f

love." At the bu - gle sound he turned once more, The
grave! O Bri - tain, who, on sea and land, Im-

m : d | t, : d | r : — | — : .s, | d : t, | l, : s,

bat - tle - field to scan; And said, "I am, what-
per - ial power doth span, Re - mem - ber him who

rall.

d.m : s.d' | l : f.r | l.s : m.d | dmr : -.d | d : — | — .,

e'er my fate, - A sol - dier and a man!"
yields his life! A sol - dier and a man!

Chorus. *Marcato.*

,m : m .,f | s : — | -. ,s : l .,m | f : — | -. ,r : r .,m

The bu - gle called! he hastened forth, The bravest

f : — | –. ,fe: s .,r | m : — | — : .m | m : – .m | l .ta: l .m
in the battle's van! Re- mem - ber him who yields his

s : f | .r : m .f | l.s : m.d | s : – .d | d : — | – . : | *Four Measures Instrumental.* D.S.
life, He is a sol - dier and a man!

There is a Flower that Bloometh.

Words by Fitzball. Music by W. Vincent Wallace.
Key B♭.

Three Measures Instrumental. | $.s_2 : d_, .m_,$ | $.s_2 : d_, .s_,$ | $s_,$: – $.l_,$ | $t_,$: d
1. There is a flow'r that
2. It waft - eth per - fume

m : — | r : .d | $t_,$: r | f : – .m | d : — | :
bloom - eth When au - tumn leaves are shed;
o'er us, Which few can e'er for- get;

F.t.

^{m}l : – .m | m .m : re .m | s : — | f : – .m | r : t .l | l .s : f .r
With the si-lent moon it weep - eth, The spring and sum - mer
Of the bright scenes gone be- fore us Of sweet tho' sad re-

f. B♭.

d : — | : $.^d s_,$ | r : – .r | m : – .m | f : — | $l_,$: $(l_,)$
fled. The ear - ly frost of win - ter
gret. Let no heart brave its pow - er, By

d : – .d | d .$t_,$: f .m | $l_,$: — | : $la_,$ | $s_,$: – $.l_,$ | $t_,$: d
Scarce its brow hath over- cast, Oh! pluck it ere it
guilt - y thoughts o'er- cast, For then a poi - son'd

m .r : — | : d .,d | $t_,$ .r : l | – .s : fe .f | m : — | : .m
wither, 'Tis the mem'ry of the past, Oh!
flower Is the mem'ry of the past, For

f : – .m | m : – $.t_,$ | r .d : — | — : $la_,$.,$la_,$ | $s_,$: $fe_,$.$s_,$ | d .$t_,$: m .,r
pluck it ere it wither, 'Tis the mem - 'ry, the mem'ry of the
then a poi - son'd flower Is the mem - 'ry, the mem'ry of the

1st verse. *D.C.* | d : — | :
past.

2nd verse. | d : — | $m_,$. : $m_,$. | $m_,$: | :
past.

The Irish Emigrant.

Words by Lady Dufferin. Music by G. Barker.

Key C. *Andante.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | *f* .m :*f* .s | *l* .t :*d'* .*l* | *s* .*m'* :*m'* .,*r'* | *d'* :–.

cres.

.d' | d' .t :l .,s | l .s :m .m,m | m .r :m .,r | d :– .r,m
1. I'm sit-ting on the style, Mary, where we sat side by side, On a
2. I'm ve-ry lone-ly now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends, But

f .m :f .s | l .t :d' .,d' | t .,t :t .,l | s :– .s
bright May morning long a-go, when first you were my bride; The
oh, they love the bet-ter still the few our Fa-ther sends! And

f *dim.*

m' .r' :d' .t | l .s :f .m,m | r .m :f .s | l :t .,d'
corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high, And the
you were all I had, Ma-ry, my blessing and my pride, There's

d' .,t :l .s | l .s :m .m,m | m .r :m .,r | d :– .m
red was on your lip, Ma-ry, and the love-light in your eye. The
no-thing left to care for now, since my poor Ma-ry died. I'm

m .d' :t,l .– | l .se,l: t .,m | m .r' :d' .,t | l :– .l,t
place is little changed, Ma-ry, the day is bright as then, The
bid-ding you a long fare-well, my Ma-ry kind and true, But I'll

rall. *tempo.*

d' .,t :d' .r' | m' .r',d': t .t,d' | d' .t :l .se | l .– :s .s
lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green a-gain, But I
not for-get you, dar-lin', in the land I'm go-ing to. They

rall.

s .m :s .d' | d' .,t :r' .s,s | s .m' :r' .d | t .l :t .,d'
miss the soft clasp of your hand, and the breath warm on my cheek, And I
say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines al-ways there, But I'll

p tempo.

d' .,t :l .s | l .,s :m .m,m | m,r.– :r .m | f :s .l
still keep list-'ning to the words you never more may speak, you
ne'er for-get old Ire-land were it fifty times as fair, were it

D.S.

s,d'.–:t.,d'|d' :–. | m'.,r':d'.t | l.s :f.,m | m.r :m.,r|d :— ||

never more may speak.
fifty times as fair.

The Cottage by the Sea.

KEY C. :S: J. R. THOMAS.

Eight Measures Instrumental. | .s,:m.s,| .s,:m.s, || m :–.f | l.s :d'.,r' | d' :—|t :

1. Childhood's days now pass be- fore me,
2. Fan - cy sees the rose-trees twin - ing
3. What tho' years have roll'da- bove me,

r :–.m | f.l :s.f | m :— | : | m :–.f | fe.s:d'.,r'

Forms and scenes of long a - go; Like a dream they hover
'Round the old and rus-tic door, And below, the white beach
Though 'mid fair-er scenes I roam, Yet I ne'er shall cease to

dim.

d' :— |t :— | l :–.le| t.r:t.,l | s :— | :

o'er me, Calm and bright as ev'ning's glow,
shin - ing, Where I gather'd shells of yore,
love thee, Child-hood's dear and happy home.

t :–.d' | r'.t :s.f | m.,l:s | : | t :–.d' | r'.t:s.f

Days that know no shade of sor - row, When my young heart, pure and
Hears my mother's gentle warn - ing, As she took me on her
And when life's long day is clos - ing, Oh! how pleasant will it

stringendo. *tempo.*

m :— | :m.,f | s :— |–.s :l.ta | ta :l | :l.,l

free, Joyful hailed each coming mor - row In the
knee, And I feel again life's morn - ing In the
be, On some faith - ful breast re- pos - ing In the

slentando.

l.s :— |r :–.f | m :— | :s.,s | m' :— |–.r':d'.t

cot-tage by the sea, Joyful hailed each coming
cot-tage by the sea, And I feel again life's
cot-tage by the sea, On some faith - ful breast re-

D.S.

r' :d' | :t.l | l.s:–.d' | d'.t :m'.r' | d' :—| :

mor - row In the cottage, the cottage by the sea!
morning In the cottage, the cottage by the sea!
pos - ing In the cottage, the cottage by the sea!

Three Measures Instrumental. ||

Norah, the Pride of Kildare.

KEY C. *Andante.* J. PARRY.

Two Measures Instrumental.

| f :-.s :l | s :s'.f':m'.r' | d' :r' :t | d' :— ||

:S:

:s | d' :-.t :d' | l :s :m | d' :-.t :d' | l :s :m

1. As beau - teous as Flo - ra Is charm - ing young No - rah, The
2. Wher - e'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er for - get thee, love, Though

f :- .s :l | s .d' :— :r'.,d' | m' :- .r' :d' | t .r' :— :s

joy of my heart and the pride of Kil - dare; I
beau - ties may smile, and try to en - snare; Yet

d' :- .t :d' | tl :tls {:d,m,s / :m} | d' :- .t :d' | tl :s :m

ne'er will de - ceive her, For sad - ly 'twould grieve her, To
no - thing shall ev - er My heart from thine sev - er, Dear

f :- .s :l | s .d' :— :r'.,d' | t :- .l :t | d' :— :s

find that I sighed for an- o - ther less fair: Her
No - rah, sweet No-rah, the pride of Kil - dare: Thy

espress.

l :- .f :d'.l | s :m :s | l :-.f {:d',t.d',l / :d' .l} | s .m :— {:m.se / :m}

heart with truth teem - ing, Her eye with smiles beaming, What
heart with truth teem - ing, Thy eye with smiles beaming, What

l :- .t :d' | m .m' :— :r' | d'.l :— :t | lt l :— {:s.f' / :s}

mor - tal could in-jure a blossom so rare As

dolce.

m' :- .r' :d' | d'r'd' :- .t :l | s :d' :d' | t.r' :— {:s,s',f' / :s}

No - rah, dear No - rah, the pride of Kil - dare, Oh,

rall.

m' :- .r' :d' | td'r'd' :- .t :l | s :- .l :t | ltm'r'd' :— :

No - rah, dear No - rah, the pride of Kil - dare.

D.S.

| s' :- .f' :m' | m' :- .r' :d' | t :- .l :t | d' :— ||

My Pretty Jane.

Words by E. Fitzball. Music by Sir H. R. Bishop.

Key B♭. *Andantino espressivo, non troppo lento.* :𝄋:

Six Measures Instrumental. | s, .l, : s, .d | dt, .l, : t, .s, | d : — | — || 1. s, 2. My / But

m : – .r | f .m : r .d | t, : l, | r .d : t, .l, | s, .d : — | t, .s, : m .r
pret - ty Jane, my pretty / name the day, the wedding / Jane! day, / Ah! And / never, I will / never look so buy the

d : — | : s, | m : s | f .m : r .d | t, .l, : se, .l, | l, : f .,m
shy, ring, / But The / meet me, meet me in the lads and maids in / ev - 'ning, While the fa - vours white, And

F.t.

m .r : d .r | dt, .l, : t, .s, | d : — | – . : .df | m : f .s | l .s : f .r
bloom is on the village bells, the village bells shall / rye. ring. / The The / spring is wan - ing spring is wan - ing

f. B♭.

drdt,d: – .r | m : f .s | s .d' : m .l | rmrder: s.m | d : — | — : ds,
fast, my love, The / corn is in the / ear, The

s,.d: — | t,.d: m .s | s : –.l, | l, : f .m | m : d | r : t,.,d | d : — | : s,
summer nights are / com - ing, love, The / moon shines bright and / clear! Then,

d.m: — | r : d | f : –.r | t, : –.s, | d.m: — | mr : d | s : — | f : f.,m
pretty Jane, my / dear - est Jane, Ah! / never look so / shy; But

m : – .r | f .m : r .d | r .d : l, .t, | d | :lsfmrdt,l, / : l, .,l,
meet me, meet me in the / ev - - 'ning, While the

D.S.

s,.l, : s, .d | dt, .l, : t, .s, | d : — | – . : | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ||
bloom is on the / rye.

Marguerite.

Words and Music by C. A. White.

Key E♭. *Andante con espressione.* *ad lib.*

Six Measures Instrumental. | t, : | m .,r : l .,s | t :— | -. : r' .,l
Marguer- ite! Marguer-

d' :— | -, .l : f .r | t :— | -. : | *a tempo.* m,s,:d,s,m,| m,s,: .m
ite! My star of hope! {1. I 2. I}

m :- .m | m . : m .,m | s .,f : l .,f | r : .s | s :- .s | fe.s : f .,r
dread the day you'll for- get me, Marguerite, And still I know it soon will
wan - dered down by the lit-tle babbling brook, Its ev - 'ry ripple speaks of

f m :— | -. : s | d' :- .d' | t : l | s :- .f | m : .m
come, The fes - tive dance, the rich, the gay, So
thee; The ro - ses, too, they droop their heads In

p m :- .m | r : d | s : r .,m | f :- .m | m :- .m | m .(m): (m .m)
dif - f'rent from our home, Marguerite. I would not chide thee,
sym - pa - thy with me, Marguerite. If this bright world, it were

s .,f : l .,f | r : .r | s :- .s | fe.s : f .,r | m :— | -. : s
chide thee, Marguerite, Nor mar one joy of thine so sweet; But
all of mine to give, I'd proud - ly lay it at thy feet; But

f d' :- .d' | t : l | s :- .f | m, .l : f .r | t, . : l .,s | t : .s
oh! I dread that drea - ry day, You'll me for- get, Marguerite, But
oh! the thought you'll not be mine Will break my heart, Marguerite, But

f d' :- .d' | t : l | s :- .f | m, .l : f .r | 1st verse. t, . : t,m.,r | d :
oh! I dread that drea - ry day, You'll me for- get, Marguerite.
oh! the thought you'll not be mine Will break my

D.S.
m' :-.m' | m' : m'.m' | s' .,f' : l' .,f' | r' : .s' | s' t' l' : s' f' m' | r' s' f' : m' m' r'

2nd verse. *ad lib.*

t, . :l .,s | t :-. | t :-.d' | d' : | *Three Measures Instrumental.*

heart, Marguerite, Mar - guer-ite!

Yes! Let me like a Soldier fall.

KEY B♭. *Tempo di marcia.* :S: W. V. WALLACE.

Eight Measures Instrumental. | s, :— | s₂ :-.s₂ | d,:m,m,.m,m,|m,. :m,. | d :— |fe,.s,:l,.s,

1. Yes! let me like a
2. I on-ly ask of

m :- .r | d : .d | r :-.s, | s, :r | d :— | :m

sol - dier fall, Up - on some op - en plain, This
that proud race, Which ends its blaze in me, To

m :- .m | re.m :f .m | {l, m} :— | — :m | d :-.d | t, :m

breast, ex - panding for the ball, To blot out ev - 'ry
die the last, and not dis- grace Its an - cient chi - val -

l, :— | : | r :r .,r | m :-.r | d :-.t,,l,| s, : .d

stain. Brave manly hearts con- fer my doom, That
ry. Tho' o'er my clay no ban - ner wave, Nor

dim.

t, :- .t, | drd :t, .l, | m :— | :m | m :-.m | s :-.d

gen - tler ones may tell, How - e'er for - got, un-
trum - pet re - quiem swell, E - nough! they mur - mur

f

t, :- .l, | s, :-.s, | d :-.d | r :s, | m :— | :m

known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell, How -
o'er my grave, He like a sol - dier fell, E -

m :- .l, | l, :r | r :-.s, | s,.s, : d .m | s :— | s :—

e'er for - got, un - known my tomb, I like a sol - dier
nough! they mur - mur o'er my grave, He like a sol - dier

D.S.

m :— | .s : d.m | {s :— | l :s / s :— | — :t,} | d :— | : | *Seven Measures Instrumental.*

fell, I like a sol - - dier fell.
fell, He like a sol - - dier fell.

Tom Bowling.

KEY E♭. *Slow, with expression.* DIBDIN.

Two Measures Instrumental. | *f* : *m* | *l* : *d′,t .l ,t* | *d′* : *m* | *d* ||

:𝄋:

:s .s | d′ : d′ | f : l | s : l .s | f .m : r .d

1. Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bow - ling, The
2. Tom nev - er from his word de - part - ed, His
3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleas - aut wea - ther, When

f : m | l : s .f | m : — | *fm*r : s | d′ : d′ | f : l

dar - ling of our crew, No more he'll hear the
vir - tues were so rare, His friends were ma - ny
He, who all com - mands, Shall give to call life's

s : l .s | f .m : r .d | f : m | r : – .m | d : — | : s

tem - pest how - ling, For death has broached him to. His
and true-heart - ed, His Poll was kind and fair. And
crew to - geth - er, The word to pipe all hands. Thus

cres. *dim.*

s : – .s | s : l .t | d′ : m′.r′ | d′ .t : l .s | d′ : d′.d′ | t .l : s .f

form was of the man - liest beau-ty, His heart was kind and
then he'd sing so blithe and jol - ly, Ah! ma - ny's the time and
death, who kings and tars de - spatches, In vain Tom's life has

m : — | *fm*r : (s) | d′ {: d′.,m / : d′} | f : l | s : l .s | f .m : r .d

soft, Faith - ful be - low he did his du - ty, And
oft, But though his turned to bo - dy's mel - an - cho - ly, For
doffed, For, un - der hatch-es, His

ad lib.

pp *cres.*

f : m | r : m | f : –.s,l | s : .f | m .s : d′.m′ | m′.r′ : d′ .t

now he's gone a - loft, And now he's gone a-
Tom has gone a - loft, For Tom has gone a-
soul has gone a - loft, His soul has gone a-

D.S.

d′ : — | — : | m .s : d′ .m′ | m′ .r′ : d′ .t | d′ : m | d ||

loft.
loft.
loft.

Beautiful Isle of the Sea.

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.

Key D. *Allegretto con moto.*

Three Measures Instrumental. | d^2 : $s_,$: d | m : d : $s_,$ | m : d : $s_,$

s : — : — | — : l : s | m : f : s | l : — : — | — : — : — | : :
1. Beau - - ti - ful Isle of the Sea!
2. Oft on your shell-gir-dled shore,

t : — : — | — : d' : r' | f : m : f | l : — : — | s : — : — | : :
Smile on the brow of the wa - ters!
Ev - - 'ning has found me re - clin - ing,

s : — : — | — : l : s | m : f : s | l : — : — | — : — : — | : :
Dear are your mem'ries to me,
Vis - - ions of youth dreaming o'er,

t : — : — | — : l : s | f { : r : s / : $l_,$: $t_,$ } | { s / r } : — : — | d : — : — | : :
Sweet as the songs of your daugh - ters.
Down where the lighthouse was shin - ing.

A.t.

$^r s_,$: — : — | — : $l_,$: $t_,$ | d : r : m | f : — : — | — : — : — | : :
Ov - - er your mountains and vales,
Far from the glad-ness you gave,

f : — : — | — : m : r | r : d : $t_,$ | d : r : m | $s_,$: — : — | : :
Down by each mur-mur - ing riv - - er,
Far from all joys worth pos- sess - - ing,

$l_,$: — : — | — : $t_,$: d | r : m : f | s : — : — | — : — : — | f : — :
Cheered by the flower-lov-ing gales,
Still o'er the lone wea - ry wave,

calando.

m : — : — | — : f : m | r : $l_,$: $t_,$ | r : — : — | d : — : — | : :
Oh could I wan-der for ev - - er!
Comes to the wand'rer your bless - - ing.

f.D. *mf*

^{d}s	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	l	:	s	|	m	:	f	:	s	|	l	:	—	:	—	|
^{l},m	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	f	:	m	|	d	:	r	:	m	|	f	:	—	:	—	|
Land								of		the		True		and		the		Old,					
^{f}d'	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	d'	:	d'	|	d'	:	d'	:	d'	|	d'	:	—	:	—	|
^{f},d	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	d	:	d	|	d	:	d	:	d	|	f	:	—	:	—	|

t	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	d'	:	r'	|	f	:	m	:	f	|	l	:	—	:	—	|
f	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	f	:	f	|	r	:	de	:	r	|	re	:	—	:	—	|
Home,								ev	-	er		dear		un	-	to		me,					
s	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	s	:	s	|	s	:	s	:	s	|	fe	:	—	:	—	|
s	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	s	:	s	|	s,	:	s,	:	s,	|	d	:	—	:	—	|

m	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	m	:	m	|	m	:	m	:	m	|	m	:	—	:	—	|
s	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	s	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|
s	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	s	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|

f

d'	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	t	:	d'	|	d'	:	t	:	d'	|	d'	:	—	:	—	|
m	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	m	:	m	|	re	:	re	:	re	|	m	:	—	:	—	|
Foun		-		-				tain		of		pleasures		un-				told,					
l	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	l	:	l	|	fe	:	fe	:	fe	|	s	:	—	:	—	|
l,	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	l,	:	l,	|	la,	:	la,	:	la,	|	s,	:	—	:	—	|

t	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	l	:	s	|	f	:	r	:	l	|	s	:	—	:	—	|
f	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	f	:	f	|	f	:	f	:	f	|	m	:	—	:	—	|
Beau		-		-				ti	-	ful		Isle		of		the		Sea!					
r'	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	r'	:	r'	|	t	:	t	:	t	|	d'	:	—	:	—	|
s,	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	s,	:	s,	|	s,	:	s,	:	s,	|	d	:	—	:	—	|
Beau		-		-				ti	-	ful		Isle		of		the		Sea!					

s	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|
s	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	—	:	—	|
d	:	m	:	l	|	s	:	m	:	d													
Beau-ti		-		ful				Isle		of		the											

d'	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	t	:	d'	|	d'	:	t	:	d'	|	d'	:	—	:	—	|
m	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	m	:	m	|	re	:	re	:	re	|	m	:	—	:	—	|
Foun		-		-				tain		of		pleasures		un-				told,					
d'	:	—	:	—	|	—	:	d'	:	d'	|	fe	:	fe	:	fe	|	s	:	—	:	—	|
l,	:	—	:	—	|	l,	:	l,	:	l,	|	la,	:	la,	:	la,	|	s,	:	—	:	—	|
Sea!						Fountain		of		pleasures		un-				told,							

D.C.

s :fe:s |t :l :s |f :r :s |d :—:—|—:—:—| : :
Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Isle of the Sea!

f :—:—|—:f :f |r :t, :t, |d :—:—|—:—:—| : :
Beau - - ti - ful Isle of the Sea!

t :—:—|r' :d' :t |t :s :f |m :—:—|—:—:—| : :

s, :—:—|—:s, :s, |s, :s, :s, |d :—:—|—:—:—| : :

The Land o' the Leal.

Words by Baroness Nairne.

Key A.

:S:

Five Measures Instrumental. | d :m .,r | d :l, .,s, | s, : . ‖ .s, | s, .s, | :s, .,m, |
1. I'm wear - in' a -
2. Ye aye were leal and
3. Then dry that tear - fu'

s, :d .,t, | l, | :l, .l,,s, | l, :d . ,r | m .m | :r .,d |
wa', Jean, Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a -
true, Jean, Your task's end - ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come
e'e, Jean, My soul langs to be free, Jean, And an - gels wait on

mf

d :m .,r | d :l, .,s, | s, : .m | m .m | :m .r |
wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row
you To the land o' the leal. Our bon-nie bairn's
me To the land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my

m :s . ,m | r .r | :r .,d | r .,m | :f . ,l | s .m | :r .,d |
there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The day is aye
there, Jean, She was baith guid and fair, Jean, And we grudged her
ain Jean, This warld's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be

D.S.

d :m .,r | d :l, .,s, | s, : | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ‖
fair In the land o' the leal.
sair To the land o' the leal.
fain In the land o' the leal.

Home! Sweet Home!

Words by J. H. Payne. Music by Sir H. R. Bishop.

Key D. *Andante larghetto.* :S:

Seven Measures Instrumental. | d' : .d | d : d | d : — | — || d | m : –.f | f : –.s

1. 'Mid plea - sures and
2. An ex - ile from

s : – .m { m : — / m : s } | f : – .m | f : r | m : — | — : d .d

pa - la - ces though we may roam, Be it
home splen - dour daz - zles in vain, Oh!

m : – .f | f : – .s | s : — | m : s | f : – .m | f : r

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a -

d : — | — : s | d' : – .t | t'l : – .s | s : — | m : s

home! A - charm from the skies seems to
gain! The birds sing - ing gai - ly that

f : – .m | f : r | m : — | — : s .s | d' : – .t | t'l : – .s

hal - low us there, Which, seek through the
came at my call, Give me them with the

s : – .s | m : s | s : f | — : r | d : — | — : —

world, is ne'er met with else - where.
peace of mind dear - er than all.

espress.

s : — | — : — | f : — | r : — | ḋ : — | ṙ : —

Home! Home! sweet, sweet
Home! Home! sweet, sweet

cres.

m : — | — : s d' | d' : – .t | t'l : – .s | s : — | m : s

home! There's no place like home! There's
home! There's no place like home! There's

rall. *D.S.*

s : l | f : r | d : — | — : | *Three Measures Instrumental.* ||

no place like home!
no place like home!

Juanita.

SPANISH BALLAD.

KEY D. *Allegretto.* :𝄋:

Six Measures Instrumental.

s, t, r : s : t	d' . : d :	s : – . : f .m
		1. Soft o'er the
		2. When in thy

m : r :	r .m : f : – .m	f .l : s :
foun - tain,	Ling'ring falls the	Southern moon:
dream - ing,	Moons like these shall	shine a - gain,

s : – . : f .m	m : r :	r .,m : f : s,
Far o'er the	moun - tain,	Breaks the day too
And day-light	beam - ing,	Prove thy dreams are

d : — :	m .s : d' : – .t	t : l :
soon!	In thy dark eyes'	splen - dour,
vain!	Wilt thou not, re -	lent - ing,

r .,r : s : – .f	m .,l : s : – .	m .s : d' : – .t
Where the warm light	loves to dwell,	Weary looks, yet
For thine ab - sent	lov - er sigb,	In thy heart con-

Slower.

t : l : – .	s .s : s : m	d : — :
ten - der,	Speak their fond fare -	well!
sent - ing,	To a prayer gone	by!

a tempo.

m : m : m *fmrm*	f : f :	r .r : s : – .f
Ni - ta! Jua -	ni - ta!	Ask thy soul if
Ni - ta! Jua -	ni - ta!	Let me lin - ger

m .l : s :	m : m : m *fmrm*	f : f :
we should part!	Ni - ta! Jua -	ni - ta!
by thy side!	Ni - ta! Jua -	ni - ta!

Tenderly. Slentando. *D.S.*

s, .s, : m : r	d : — : —	*Four Measures Instrumental.*
Lean thou on my	heart!	
Be my own fair	bride!	

The Low-backed Car.

KEY F. *Allegretto.* S. LOVER.

Six Measures Instrumental. | m :—:r | d :—:d | d :—:—| : || 1. d .d 2. When In

d	:—	:m	|m	:—	:s	|f	:—	:r	:						.t,
first		I	saw		sweet	Peg	-	gy,							'Twas
bat	-	tle's	wild		com -	mo	-	tion,							The
d	:—	:m	|s	:—	:s	|s	:—	:—	|	:					.m .m
on		a	mar	-	ket	day;									A
proud		and	might	-	y	Mars,									With
f	:—	:f	|r	:	:r	|m	:—	:m	|d	:—					:m .m
low	-	backed	car		she	drove		and	sat						Up -
hos	-	tile	scythes,		de -	mands		the	tithes						Of
f	:—	:r	|d	:—	:t,	|d	:—	:—	]	:					:d .d
on		a	load		of	hay.									But
death		in	war	-	like	cars,									While
d	:—	:f	|f	:—	:l	|l	:—	:s	|s	:					:d .d
when		that	hay		was	bloom	-	ing	grass,						And
Peg	-	gy,	peace	-	ful	god	-	dess,							Has
d	:—	:f	|f	:—	:l	|s	:—	:	:	:					:d
decked		with	flowers		of	spring,									No
darts		in	her		bright	eye,									That
d	:d	:d'	|d'	:—	:l .l	|l	:—	:s	|s	:f					:m
flower		was	there		that	could		com -	pare	With the					
knock		men	down		in the	mar	-	ket	town,	As					
r	:—	:d	|r	:—	:m	|s	:—	:—	|fm	:—					:r
bloom	-	ing	girl		I	sing,			As						she
right		and	left		they	fly,			While						she

d :l, :s, | d :— :d | d :— :— | : :m .m
sat in her low - backed car, The
sits in her low - backed car, Than

r :d :l, | r :r :r | r :— :— | :m :f
man at the turn - pike bar Nev - er
bat - tle more dan - ger - ous far, For the

rall.

s :f :m | s :f :m | d' :t :l | s :m :r
asked for the toll, But just rubbed his old poll, And looked
doc - tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is

ad lib. *D.S.*

d :l, :s, | d :— :d | d :— :— | : :
af - ter the low - backed car.
hit from the low - backed car.

Four Measures Instrumental.

3.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well with the cage I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love,
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pick'n,
As she sits in the low-backed car.

4.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady by my side—
For the lady would sit forenenst me
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While she drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar,
Oh, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

The Diver.

Words by G. Douglas Thompson. Music by E. J. Loder.

Key E♭. *Andantino.*

Three Measures Instrumental. | d,m,,s,:m,d,s, | d,m,,s,: m.,f | s :fe.s | l :s.m.d
In the cav - erns deep of the

d :t,m.r | s, : .,s, | s, :d .,d | d :d .,r | m :m .,r | d :m .,f
o - cean cold The di - ver is seek - ing a trea - sure of gold; In the

s :fe.s | l :s.m.d | d :t,.m.r | s, : .,s, | m :m.,fe | s :s .,l
cav - erns deep of the o - cean cold The di - ver is seek - ing a

t .t :- .l | s :- . | r :r .,m | f :s .,l | s :l .,f | m :-.
treasure of gold; Risk - ing his life for the spoils of a wreck;

m :m .,r | d :d .,t, | l, :d .,l, | se, :s,.,s, | d :d .,d | r .,d :f .,m
Tak - ing rich gems from the dead on her deck; And fear - ful such sights to the

r :m .,r | r : | d :t,.,t, | l, :— | t, :l,.,l, | s, :—
di - ver must be, Walk - ing a - lone, walk - ing a - lone,

s :m .,d | d :l, .,fe, | s, :r .,m | d :
walk - ing a - lone in the depths of the sea!

Three Measures Instrumental. | d :m | d || d .,r | m :re.,m | l .l :- .m
He is now on the surface, he's

f :s .,f | m : .m | m :f .,m | m :r .,d | t, :d .,t, | t, :- .m
gasp - ing for breath, So pale that he wants but the still - ness of death To

f :f .,s | l :s .,f | m :m .,f | s :— | r .r :m | l, :r .,r
look like the forms he has left in the caves, Si-lent and cold, 'neath the

d :t, | m :— | m .m :l | l, :f .,r | d :-.t, | l, : .d
trem - bling waves, Silent and cold, 'neath the trem - bling waves. How

r :m .,r | d :t, .,d | r :m .,r | d :-. | f :r .,m | f :r .,m
fear - ful such sights to the di - ver must be, Walk - ing a - lone in the

cres. *p*
f :r .,d | t, : .s | s :fe.,s | l :s .m .d | d :t,.m.r | s, :—
depths of the sea! And Mam-mon's the master, and man is the slave,

s, :d .,d | d :d .,r | m :m .,r | d :-. | r :r .,m | f :s .,l
Toil - ing for wealth on the brink of the grave: Leav - ing a world of

s :l .,f |m :-. ,m| m :m .,r | d :d .,t| l, :d .,l,| se, :s,.,t,
sun - light and sound, For night - like gloom and a si - lence profound; And

d :d .,d | d :f .,m| r :m .,r | r : |d :t,.,t,| l, :—
fear - ful the death of the di - ver must be, Sleep - ing a - lone,

t, :l, .,l, | s, :— |s :m .,r |d :l .,l
sleep - ing a - lone, Sleep - ing a - lone in the

refmrdt,dmds,
m :— |m :- .r |d :— |— :d |d :— |— ‖
depths of the sea!

O Rest in the Lord!

KEY C. *From* "ELIJAH"—MENDELSSOHN.

.d :s, .d |m :f .r |d :-.d |l .l :t .d' |s :-.s |s :f .m
O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall

f .l :- .l |s :d' |d' :t .l |s .m :f .,m| m : .l |s .m :f .,m
give thee thy heart's de - sires; O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for

m : .m |m .d' :t .l |s .s :-.l |s .m :r .f |f :m | .d' :t .l
Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall

G.t.
s .s :- .l |m :- .r |d : .ml, |s, .d :t, .d |f :m |- .m :r .d
give thee thy heart's de- sires. Commit thy way un- to Him, and trust in

t, : .t, |d .l, :se,.l, |r :d |- .d :t, .l, |se, :-.l, |t, .d :r .f
Him; Commit thy way un- to Him, and trust in Him; and fret not thy-

p
m :se,.l, |t, .d :r .f |m :m .m, |d :r .t, |m :-.l, |d .d :t,.,l,
self, be - cause of e-vil- do - ers. O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for

pp f.C.

l, : .l,	d .d : t, .,l,	l, :-.f,d	m : f .r	d :-.d	l .l : t .d'
Him,	wait pa-tient-ly for	Him;	O rest in the	Lord,	wait patiently for

f.F. C.t.

s :- .s	s : f .m	m : f.f d	f : m .r	r : m	1r' : d' .t
Him,	and He shall	give	thee thy heart's de-	sires,	and He shall

d' .m : s .f	m : r .s	s : —	r' : d' .t	d' .m : s .f	m :- .r
give	thee thy heart's de-	sires,	and He shall	give	thee thy heart's de-

d : .d	m : f .r	s : .d	m : f .r	s :- .s	d' : —
sires;	O rest in the	Lord,	O rest in the	Lord,	and wait,

— : —	r : l	s : s	r :-.m	d :	d'.m' : s'.d²	d² : —	— :
	wait	pa - tient-ly	for	Him.			

Massa's in de Cold Ground.

KEY D. *Poco lento.* Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Six Measures Instrumental.	m .s, : s .s,	f .s, : r .s,	d : —	— :	s :- .l	s .m : r .d
					Round	de meadows am a
					When	de autumn leaves were
					Mas -	sa make de darkeys

p

d' : —	l : .l	s : m	m :- .d	r : —	— : s
ring -	ing De	dar - key's	mourn - ful	song,	
fall -	ing,	When de	days were	cold,	'Twas
love	him,	Cayse he	was so	kind,	

s :- .l	s .m : r .d	d' : —	l :	l .s : m .d	m : r
While	de mocking bird am	sing -	ing,	Happy as de day	am
hard	to hear old massa	call -	ing,	Cayse he was so weak	and
Now	dey sadly weep a -	bove	him,	Mourning cayse he leave	dem be-

p

d :— |— :s | s :-.l |s .m :r .d | d' :— |l :
long. Where de i-vy am a creep - ing
old. Now de orange tree am bloom - ing
hind. I can - not work before to- mor - row,

p

s :- .m |m :d | r :— |— :s | s :-.l | s .m :r .d
O'er de gras - sy mound, Dare old massa am a
On de sand - y shore, Now de summer days are
Cayse de tear - drop flow, I try to drive away my

d' :— |l : | l .s :m .d |m :r | d :— |— :
sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
com - ing, Massa nebber calls no more.
sor - row, Pickin' on de old ban - jo.

mf
Chorus.

d' :— |t :l | s :— |m : | l :s |m :d
d :— |d :d | d :— |d : | f :m |d :d
Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn-ful
l :— |s :f | m :— |s : | d' :d' |s :m
f_1 :— |f_1 :f_1 | d :— |d : | d :d |d :d

r :— |— : | s :-.l |s .m :r .d | d' :— |l :
t_1 :— |— : | m :-.f |m .d :t_1.d | d :— |d :
sound: All de darkeys am a weep - ing,
s :— |— : | s :-.s |s .s :f .m | l :— |f :
s_1 :— |— : | d :-.d |d .d :d .d | f_1 :— |f_1 :

D.C.

l .s :m .d |m :r | d :— |— :
f .m :d .d |d :t_1 | d :— |— :
Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.
d' .d' :s .m |s :f | m :— |— :
s_1 .s_1 :s_1 .s_1 |s_1 :s_1 | d :— |— :

Scenes that are Brightest.

Words by E. Fitzball. Music by W. Vincent Wallace.

Key F. *Cantabile e con molto semplicita.* :𝄋:

One Measure Instrumental. | m,,s,,d:m,d,s, | m,,s,,d:m,d,s, || s :— |m :d'
1. Scenes that are
2. Words can - not

s :— |m :s,|d,f | m :— |r :t,|r,f | l :— |s :
bright - est May charm a - while
scat - ter The thoughts we fear,

s :— |m :d' | s :— |m :s,|d,f | m :— |r :s,|t,|r
Hearts which are light - est, And eyes that
For though they flat - ter, They mock the

d :— | : .m | l :-.l |t :d' |t :— |m :
smile; Yet o'er them a - bove us
ear. Hopes will still de - ceive us,

dim.

d' :-.t,l |t :m | l :— |la :-.s | s :— |m :d'
Though na - ture beam, With none to
With tear - ful cost, And when they

s :— |m :s,|d,f | m :— |r :t,|r,f | l :— |s : .s | s :— |m :d'
love us, How sad they seem, With none to
leave us The heart is lost, And when they

rit.
r'tselfrdt,

s :— |m :d,m,f | s :— |— :m.,r | d :— | : | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ||
love us, How sad they seem!
leave us The heart is lost!

Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming.

Words by George Linley. Music by Foley Hall.

Key A♭. ♯:

Three Measures Instrumental

r :f.,m | d. : || m :m.,m|m :-.r
Ev - er of thee I'm
Ev - er with thee when

r.d :m₁.f₁ | l₁ :s₁. | d :r.,d|t₁ :.s₁ | r :m.,r|d :
fond - ly dream-ing, Thy gentle voice my spir - it can cheer,
sad and lone - ly, Wan - d'ring afar my soul joy'd to dwell;

m :m.,m|m :-.r | r.d :m₁.f₁ | l₁ :s₁. | d :r.,d|t₁ :.s₁
Thou wert the star that, mild - ly beam - ing, Shone o'er my path when
Ah! then I felt I lov'd thee on - ly, All seemed to fade be-

rall.

rmrdr.,r :f .,m |d :
all was dark and drear.
fore af - fec - tion's spell.

r,de.r,m :f,s.se,l |l,s,.fe,s, : se,l,.le,t,

d :- . | : || m :sf.,m|l :-.l | l :-.s,f|m.,sf:m
Still in my heart thy form I cher - ish,
Years have not chilled the love I cher - ish,

rall. *tempo.*

s :l .,s|s :f .m | m :r.,d|t₁. :s.fe,f | m :m.,m|m :-.r
Ev - 'ry kind thought like a bird flies to thee; Ah! nev - er till life and
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee;

r.d :m₁.f₁ | l₁ :s₁. | d :r.,d|t₁ :.s₁ | r.r :m.,r|d :
mem - 'ry per - ish, Can I for-get how dear thou art to me:

m :m.,m|m :-.d | d :r.,m|f :-. | fe :fe.fe|s :d.f
Morn, noon, and night wher- e'er I may be, Fond-ly I'm dream - ing

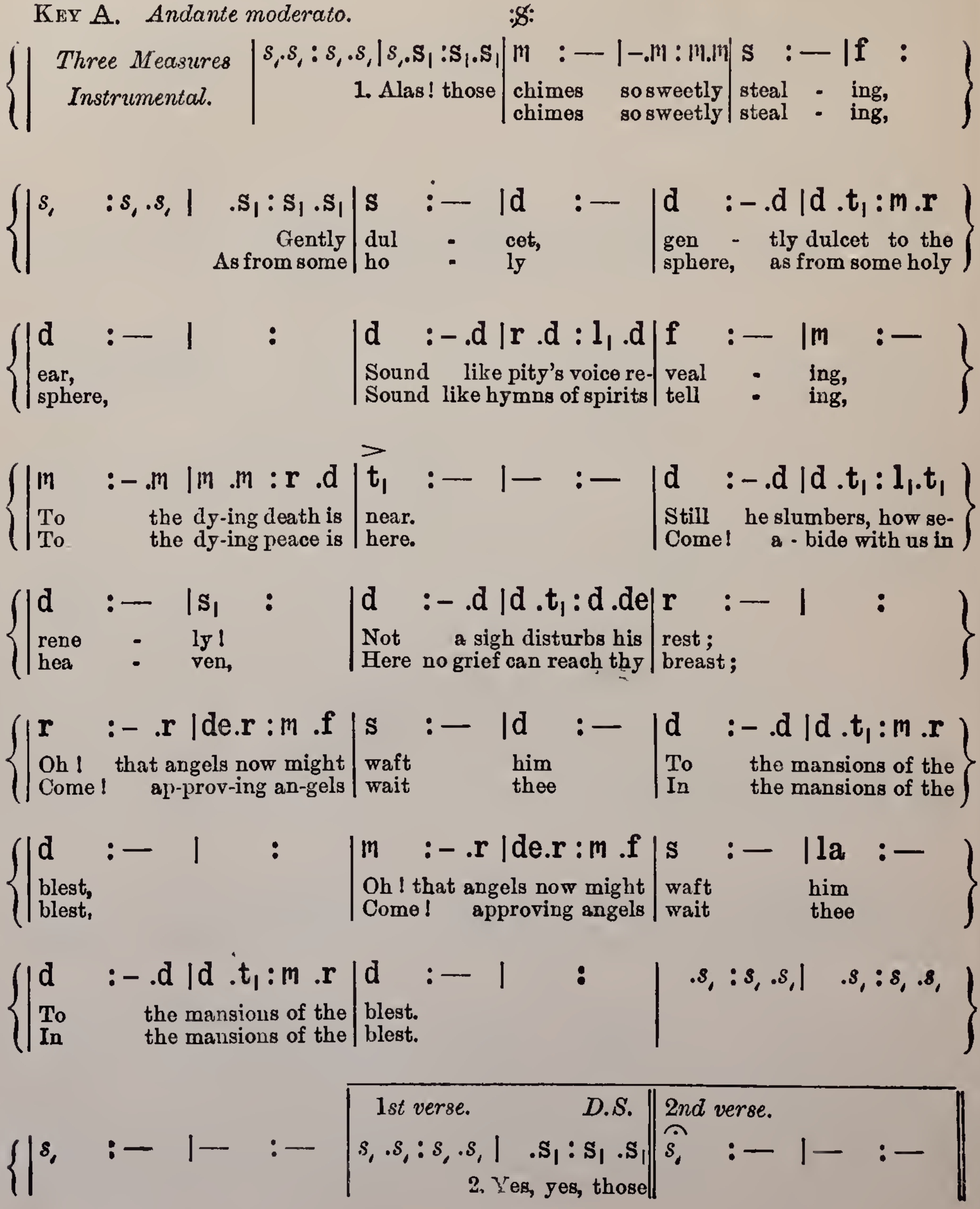
piu lento. *rall.* *D.S.*

m :m.,r|d : | r :m.f|s :d.f | m :m.,r|d : | *Two Measures Instrumental.* ||
ev - er of thee, Fondly I'm dreaming ev - er of thee.

Alas! those Chimes so sweetly stealing.

Words by E. FITZBALL. Music by W. VINCENT WALLACE.

KEY A. *Andante moderato.*



The Rose of Tralee.

Words by E. Mordaunt Spencer. Music by Charles W. Glover.

Key A♭. *Andantino con moto.*

1 *Six Measures Instrumental.* | s : m′ : m′ .,r′ | d′ : — ‖ s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁

1. Tho pale moon was
2. The cool shades of

m : – .r : d | d : f₁ : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : .s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁

ris - ing a - bove the green moun - tain, The sun was de -
ev - 'ning their man - tle were spread-ing, And Ma - ry, all

s₁ : d : – .d | d : – .t₁ : d | r : – . : s₁ .s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁

clin - ing be- neath the blue sea, When I strayed with my
smil - ing, was list - 'ning to me, The moon through the

m : – .r : d | d : f₁ : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ : .s₁ | s₁ : f : – .f

love to the pure cry - stal foun - tain That stands in the
val - ley her pale rays was shed - ding, When I won the

m : – .d : l₁ | s₁ : l₁ : d | d : – . : d .r | m : m : – .r

beau - ti - ful vale of Tra - lee: She was love - ly and
heart of the Rose of Tra - lee: Though love - ly and

d : — : d .t₁ | l₁ : l₁.se₁ : l₁.t₁ | se₁ : m₁ : m | m : l₁ : f

fair as the rose of the sum - mer, Yet 'twas not her
fair as the rose of the sum - mer, Yet 'twas not her

m : m : – .r | d : – .r : t₁ | l₁ : — : s₁ | s₁ : — : l₁ .s₁

beau - ty a - lone that won me, Oh, no! 'twas the
beau - ty a - lone that won me, Oh, no! 'twas the

m : – .r : d | d : f₁ : l₁ | l₁ : s₁ . .s₁ | s₁ : f : f

truth in her eye ev - er dawn - ing, That made me love
truth in her eye ev - er dawn - ing, That made me love

D.S.

m : d : .l₁ | s₁ : m : – .r | d : — : | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ‖

Ma - ry, the Rose of Tra- lee.
Ma - ry, the Rose of Tra- lee.

Killarney.

Words by E. Falconer. Music by M. W. Balfe.

Key F. *Andante con espressione.*

{ | s :- .,m | r :d ,l, ,s, | d :d | d :— }

{ | s :- .,f | m :r ,m ,s | l :r | r :— }

{ | s :- .,m | r :d ,l, ,s, | d :d | d' :— }

{ | - .l :s .m | r .d :l, .s, | m,,s,,d: m | — :r | d :s, . | s, . :s, . }

{ | s :- .,m | r :d,l,,s, | d :d | d :— | s :- .,f | m :r,m,s }
1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells,* Em - 'rald isles and
2. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and

{ | l :r | r :— | s :- .,m | r :d,l,,s, | d :d | d :— }
wind - ing bays; Moun - tain paths and wood - land dells,
va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by

{ | m :- .f | s .d :- .f | mr :- .,d | d : | d :- .,d | r :l, }
Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays. Boun - teous na - ture
Ver - dure broi - ders or be-sprints. Vir - gin there the

{ | d :d | m .s :— | m :- .m | s .f :m .r | d .l, :l, .d | r :— }
loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where;
green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn Spring's na - tal day;

rit.

{ | l :r | s :d | f :t, | m :d . | t, :- .d | r :m,fe,s }
Foot - prints leaves on ma - ny strands, But her home is
Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows, Smil - ling Win - ter's

* "To sit on rocks to muse o'er flood and fell."—25th Stanza, 2nd Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

dim. *pp a tempo.*

t, : ,l, .,s, | s, : — | d : - .l, | s, : l, | d : d | r : —

sure - ly there! | An - gels fold their | wings and rest
frown a - way. | An - gels oft - en | paus - ing there,

cres.

f : - .,f | m : r | s .m : ᵐr .d | l, : — | d : - .l, | s, : l,

In that E - den | of the west, | Beau - ty's home, Kil -
Doubt if E - den | were more fair, | Beau - ty's home, Kil -

f ritard.

d : - .m .s | l : — | d : - .r | m {.d' / .s} : - .m | r : — | d :

lar - ney, | Heaven's re - flex, Kil- | lar - ney.
lar - ney, | Heaven's re - flex, Kil- | lar - ney.

d : - .,l, | s, : l, | d : d | r : —

f : - .,f | m : r | s .m : ᵐr .d | l, : s,

d : - .,l, | s, : l, | d : d .m .s | l : —

- .s .fe : s .l .t | r' .d' .t : d' .s .m | ᵐr : - .,d | d :

3.

Innisfallen's ruin'd shrine
May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's faith can ne'er decline
Such God wonders floating by.
Castle Lough and Glena Bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagle's nest,
Still at Mucross you must pray
Though the monks are now at rest.

Angels wonder not that man
There would fain prolong life's span,
Beauty's home, Killarney.
Heaven's reflex, Killarney.

4.

Music there for Echo dwells,
Makes each sound a Harmony,
Many voic'd the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charmful tints below
Seems the Heaven above to vie,
All rich colours that we know
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.

Wings of Angels so might shine,
Glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney.
Heaven's reflex, Killarney.

The Village Blacksmith.

Words by LONGFELLOW. Music by W. H. WEISS.

KEY B♭. *Allegro moderato.*

Two Measures Instrumental. | s : m.,m | s :-.f | m : s | d' : ||

mf

s, : d .,d	t, : d	r :-.d	t, : l,	s, :-.l,	s, .m, :—
Un - der a spread - ing		chest - nut tree,	The	vil - lage smithy	

r, :—	: m, .f,	s, : .d	t, : d	r :-.d	t, : s,
stands;	The	smith a might - y		man is he,	With

f. E♭.

l, : d	m, : fe,	s, :—	: s, r.m	f .f :—	s :-.f
large and sin - ewy		hands;	And the	muscles of	his

B♭.t.

m :-.r	d : m l,	r :-.l,	t, : d	t, :—	: d .r
brawn - y arms	Are	strong as i - ron		bands.	His

m : t,	d : l,	se, :-.m,	m, : l, .t,	d : l,	m : d
hair is crisp,	and	black, and long,	His	face is like	the

t, :—	:—	: t,	d :-.d	t, : d	r : s,	s, :-.se,
tan;		His	brow is wet	with	hon - est sweat,	He

l, : r,	s, :-.d,	l, :—	t, :—	d :-.d	r : m
earns what - e'er	he	can,	And	looks the whole	world

m, :-.m,	m, : l, .l,	s, : d	r .m :—	d :—	:— :
in the face,	For he	owes not	any	man.	

l .d : s .d	f .t, : m .d	r :-.m	f : r	d : m	r : s

d' : .,d,	d̀, : m,	l, : d	t, : m	d :-.t,	l, : t, .t,
	Week	in, week out,	from	morn till night,	You can

d :d |r .l, :— |t, :— |— :m .r |d :l, |se, :f, .m,
hear his bellows blow; You can hear him swing his

G.t.m.l.
m, :l, |t, :l, .t, |d :d, |d, :r, |m, :— | :m,s,.s,
hea - vy sledge, With measured beat and slow, Like a

d :d |r .r :- .r |m :- .r |d :s, .s, |m, :m, |s, :d
sex - ton ringing the vil - lage bell, When the ev - 'ning sun is

s.d.f.B♭. *p*
s, :— | :ta,s, |s, :s, |s, .s, :— |d :d |t, :- .t,
low. And chil - dren com-ing home from school Look

mf
r :d .,d |t, :t, |t, : | :s, |s, :d |t, :d
in at the o - pen door; They love to see the

r :- .s, |s, :se, |l, :r, |s, :d, |l, :— |t, :—
flam - ing forge, And hear the bel - lows roar, And

d :- .d |r :m |m, :- .m, |m, :l, |s, :d .,d |r :m
catch the burn - ing sparks that fly Like chaff from a thresh -ing

d :— |— : |*l .d :s .d |f .t, :m .d |r :- .m |f :r*
floor.

F.t. *p*
d :m |r :s |d' : .,d, |d, :r,s, |d :d |m :d
He goes on Sun - day

D.t.m.l.
s :- .r |r :d .t, |l, :- .l, |d :l, |m :— |— :ms
to the Church, And sits a - mong his boys; He

pp
m :- .m |s :s |l :l |s :- .s |l :- .l |t :t
hears the par - son pray and preach, He hears his daugh - ter's

d' :— | : | s .s : s .s | m :m | r :— | d :d
voice Singing in the vil - lage choir, And it

s.d.f.F. *p*
l :l | s :m | r :— | :sm | m :- .m | m :m .m
makes his heart re - joice: It sounds to him like her

f .f :— | f :— | r :r .r | s :- .f | m :— | — :m
mother's voice Sing : ing in Pa - ra- dise! He

r :r | m :- .r | d :- .d | t, :l, | t, :- .t, | f :- .f
needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she

m :— | — :m | s :s | s :- .m | s :f | m :r
lies; And with his hard, rough hand he wipes A

rall. f.B♭. *f a tempo.*
d :- .d | m :- .r | d : | : | ¹m :t,.t, | d :l,
tear out of his eyes. Toil - ing, re-joic - ing,

se, :- .m, | m, :— | d :l,.,l, | m :d | t, :— | — :t,
sor - row- ing, On - ward through life he goes! Each

d :- .d | t, :d | r :- .s, | s, :se, | l, :r, | s, :- .d,
morn - ing sees some task be - gun, Each ev - 'ning sees it

l, :— | t, :t, .,t, | d :d | r :m | m, :— | — :l,
close; Some - thing at- tempt -ed, some - thing done, Has

s, :d | m :- .r | d :— | — : | *Four Measures Instrumental.* ||
earned a night's re- pose,

Clementine.

KEY G. *Tempo di Mazurka.* Words and Music by PERCY MONTROSE.

			:d		:d				:d						
1.										d	.,d	d	:s,	:m	.,m
2.										In	a	cav -	ern,	in	a
3.										Light	she	was	and	like	a
										Drove	she	duck -	lings	to	the

m		:d		:d	.m	s	:s		:f	.m	r	:—		:r	.,m
cañ	-	on,		Ex -	ca -	vat -	ing		for	a	mine,			Dwelt	a
fair	-	y,		And	her	shoes	were		num-ber		nine;			Her-ring	
wa	-	ter		Ev -	'ry	morn -	ing		just	at	nine;			Hit	her

f		:f		:m	.,r	m	:d		:d	.,m	r	:s,	:t,	.,r	d	:—
min	-	er,		for -	ty-	nin -	er,		And his		daugh-ter,		Clemen-		tine.	
box	-	es,		without		top -	ses,		San-dals		were for		Clemen-		tine.	
foot		a	-	gainst a		splint -	er,		Fell in-		to the		foaming		brine.	

Chorus.

:d	.,d	d		:s,		:m	.,m	m		:d		:d	.,m	s		:s		:f	.m	r		:—		:r	.,m
O my		dar	-	ling,		O my		dar	-	ling,		O my		dar -	ling,			Clemen-		tine,			Thou art
:				:s	.s	:s				:s	.s	:s				:m	.m	:s	.s	s		:s	.s	:s	.,s
:				:m	.m	:m				:m	.m	:m				:d	.d	:d	.d	t,		:t,	.t,	:t,	.,t,
				Clementine,						Clementine,					Clemen-Clemen-					tine,	Clemen-Clemen-				
:				:d	.d	:d				:d	.d	:d				:d	.d	:d	.d	s,		:s,	.s,	:s,	.,s,

f		:f		:m	.,r	m		:d		:d	.,m	r		:s,		:t,	.,r	d		:—		:	
lost		and		gone for		ev -		er,		Dreadful		sor -		ry,		Clemen-		tine.					
s		:r	.r	:s				:s	.s	:s				:f	.f	:s	.,f	m		:—		:	
t,		:t,	.t,	:t,				:m	.m	:m				:t,	.t,	:r	.,t,	d		:—		:	
tine,		Clementine,						Clementine,						Clemen-Clemen-				tine.					
s,		:s,	.s,	:s,		d,		:d,	.d,	:d,		s,		:s,	.s,	:s,	.,s,	d,		:—		:	
tine,		Clementine,				O		Clementine,				O		Clemen-Clemen-tine.									

4. Ruby lips above the water
   Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
   Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
   So I lost my Clementine.

5. In a churchyard near the cañon.
   Where the myrtle doth entwine,
   There grow roses and other posies
   Fertilized by Clementine.

6. Then the miner, forty-niner,
   Soon began to peak and pine;
   Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter—
   Now he's with his Clementine.

7. In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
   Robed in garments soaked in brine;
   Though in life I used to hug her,
   Now she's dead I'll draw the line.

The Englishman.

Written by Eliza Cook. Composed by John Blockley.

Key B♭. *Maestoso ma con spirito.*

d : — | — || s₁.,s₁ | d̂ : – .s₁ | m̂ : – .r | d̂ : m₁ | s₁ : .s₁
1. There's a land that bears a world-known name, Tho'
2. There's a flag that waves o'er ev - 'ry sea, No

l₁ : t₁ .d | t₁ .r : — | d : | : s₁.,s₁ | d̂ : s₁.,s₁ | m̂ : r
'tis but a lit - tle spot; 'Tis the first on the blaz - ing
mat - ter when or where; And to treat that flag as

d̂ : – .m₁ | s₁ : .s₁ | l̂₁ : t₁.d | t̂₁ : d .r | d : | : d .d
scroll of fame, And who shall a - ver it is not? Of the
aught but free Is more than the strong - est dare; For the

r : – .l₁ | l₁ : d | t₁ : – .l₁ | t₁ : s₁ | l₁ : – .s₁ | f₁ : – .m₁
death - less ones who shine and live, In arms, in arts, in
lion spirits that tread the deck Have carried the palm of the

f₁ : — | : f₁ | r .r : – .d | t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : – .f₁ | m₁ : m̂ .m
song, The brightest the whole wide world can give To that
brave, And that flag may sink with a shot - torn wreck, But

r .s₁ : — | t₁ : – .l₁ | s₁ : — | {: s₁.,f₁ / : s₁} | *f* m₁ .s₁ : d .,d | d : – .d
lit - tle land be - long, 'Tis the star of the Earth, de-
ne - ver float o'er a slave. Its honour is stainless, de-

d̂ .l₁ : l̂₁ | l̂₁ : .l₁ | l₁ : r | r : r .d | d : – .t₁ | t̀₁ : s₁.,s₁
ny it who can, The is - land home of an Eng - lish-man! 'Tis the
ny it who can, The flag of a true - born Eng - lish-man! Its

With energy. *ad lib.*

m .d : t, .,r | d : .s, | m .d : t, .r | d : .s, | l, : f | s, : l, .t,
star of the Earth, de- ny it who can, The is - land home of an
honour is stainless de- ny it who can, The flag of a true-born

r : – .d | d | s, .,s, | d : – .s, | m : – .r | d : m, | s, : .s,
Eng - lish-man! 3. There's a heart that leaps with burn - ing glow, The
Eng - lish-man! 4. The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone, And

l, : t, .d | t, : d .r | d : — | : s, | d : – .s, | m : r .r
wronged and the weak to de- fend, And strikes as soon for a
bold - ly claim his right; For he calls such a vast do -

d : m, | s, : s, .s, | l, : t, .d | t, : r | d : — | : d
tram - pled foe As it does for a soul - bound friend; It
main his own That the sun nev-er sets on his might; Let the

r .r : – .l, | l, : d | t, .l, : — | t, : .s, | l, .l, : – .s, | f, : – .m,
nurtures a deep and honest love, The passions of faith and
haugh - ty stran - ger seek to know The place of his home and

f, : — | : f, | r : d .d | t, : l, | s, : f, | m, : m .m
pride, And yearns with the fond - ness of a dove To the
birth, And a flush will pour from cheek to brow While he

r : s, .s, | t, : l, | s, : — | : s, .f, | m, : s, | d : – .d
light of its own fire - side. 'Tis a rich, rough gem, de-
tells of his na - tive earth. 'Tis a glo - rious charter, de-

d .l, : l, | l, : .l, | l, : r .r | r : d | d : – .t, | t, : s, .s,
ny it who can, The heart of a true - born Eng - lish-man! 'Tis a
ny it who can, That's breath'd in the words, "I'm an Eng - lish-man!" 'Tis a

With energy. *ad lib.*

m .d : t, .r | d : s, | m .d : t, .r | d : .s | l, {:f., s, / :r., s,} | s, : l, .t, | r : – .d | d
rich, rough gem, de - ny it who can, The heart of a true-born Eng - lishman!
glo - rious charter, de- ny it who can, That's breath'd in the words, "I'm an Eng - lishman!"

Love's Young Dream.

KEY F. *Moderato.* Music by T. MOORE.

{ |s :— :f |m :— :d |r :— :l, |rd :— :l, |s, :— :l, }

{ |d :— :— |d :— :— |d :— :— ‖ :s: s :— :f
1. Oh! the
2. Tho' the
3. Oh! that }

{ |m :— :d |r :— :l, |d :— :l, |s, :— :d
days are gone when beau ty bright My
bard to pur - er fame may soar, When
hal - lowed form is ne'er for - got, Which }

{ |r :— :— |r :— :— |r :— :— |s :— :f
heart's chain wore! When my
wild youth's past; Though he
first love traced; Still it }

{ |m :— :d |r :— :l, |d :— :l, |s, :— :l,
dream of life, from morn till night, Was
win the wise who frowned be - fore, To
ling - 'ring haunts the green - est spot On }

{ |d :— :— |d :— :— |d :— :— |d :— :r
love, still love! New
smile at last; He'll
mem - - 'ry's waste! 'Twas }

{ |m :— :f |s :— :s |l :— :t |d' :— :l
hope may bloom, and days may come Of
nev - er meet a joy so sweet, In
o - dour fled as soon as shed, 'Twas }

s	:—	:m	|m	:r	:d	|mr	:—	:—	|s	:—	:f
mild	-	er,	calm	-	er	beam—			But		there's
all		his	noon		of	fame,			As		when
morn	-	ing's	wing	-	ed	dream;			'Twas		a

m	:—	:d	|r	:—	:l,	|d	:—	:l,	|s,	:—	:d
no	-	thing	half		so	sweet		in	life		As
first		he	sang		to	wo	-	man's	ear		His
light		that	ne'er		can	shine		a -	gain		On

r	:—	:—	|r	:—	:—	|r	:—	:—	|s	:—	:f
Love's			young			dream!			Oh,		there's
soul	-	-	felt			flame—			And		at
life's			dull			stream!			Oh!		'twas

m	:—	:d	|r	:—	:l,	|d	:—	:l,	|s,	:—	:l,
no	-	thing	half		so	sweet		in	life		As
ev	-	'ry	close		she	blushed		to	hear		The
light		that	ne'er		can	shine		a -	gain		On

d	:—	:—	|d	:—	:—	|d	:—	:—	|	:	:	|m'	:—	:d'	|m'r'	:—	:l
Love's			young			dream!											
one			loved			name.											
life's			dull			stream!											

D.S.

r'd'	:—	:l	|s	:—	:l	|d'	:—	:—	|d'	:—	:—	|d'	:—	:—	‖

Here's to the Maiden.

Arranged by W. H. M.

KEY D. *Allegretto.*

m	:-	f	:s	|s	:—	:s	|s	:-	f	:m	|r	:—	:d

m	:-	f	:s	|s	:l	:t	|d'	:—	:—	|d'	:—	:	‖

d	:-	.r	:d	|d'	:-	.t	:d'	|l	:-	.s	:l	|s	:—	:—	
1. Here's	to	the	maid	-	en	of		bash	-	ful	fif -	teen,			
2. Here's	to	the	charm	-	er	whose		dim	-	ples	we	prize,			
3. Here's	to	the	maid		with	a		bos	-	om	of	snow,	Now	to	

d	:-	.r	:d	|d'	:-	.t	:d'	|l	:—	:—	|s	:—	:
Here's	to	the	wi	-	dow	of		fif	-		ty;		
Now	to	the	maid		who	has		none,			sir;		
her	that's	as	brown		as	a		ber	-		ry;		

d	:-	.r	:d	|d'	:-	.t	:d'	|l	:-	.s	:l	|s	:—	:f			
Here's	to	the	flaunt	-	ing	ex	-	tra	-	va	- gant	quean,			And		
Here's	to	the	girl		with	a		pair		of	blue	eyes,			And		
Here's	to	the	wife		with	a		face		full	of	woe,			And		

m	:-	.f	:s	|s	:f	:m		r	:—	:—	|d	:—	:
here's	to	the	house - wife			that's		thrif		-	ty.		
here's	to	the	nymph with			but		one,			sir.		
here's	to	the	dam - sel			that's		mer		-	ry.		

m	:-	.f	:s	|s	:—	:—		s	:-	.f	:m	|r	:—	:d	
Let		the	toast	pass,				drink		to	the	lass;—		I	
Let		the	toast	pass,				drink		to	the	lass;—		I	
Let		the	toast	pass,				drink		to	the	lass;—		I	

m	:-	.f	:s	|s	:-	.l	:s	|f		:m		:r	|d	:—			
war	-	rant	she'll	prove		an	ex -	cuse		for		the	glass.				
war	-	rant	she'll	prove		an	ex -	cuse		for		the	glass.				
war	-	rant	she'll	prove		an	ex -	cuse		for		the	glass.				

Chorus.

m	:-	.f	:s	|s	:—	:—		s	:-	.f	:m	|r	:—	:d	
Let		the	toast	pass,				drink		to	the	lass;—		I	

m	:-	.f	:s	|l	:-	.t	:d'	|m	:-	.f	:r	|d	:—	:	
war	-	rant	she'll	prove		an	ex -	cuse		for	the	glass.			

Riding Down from Bangor.

THE POPULAR COLLEGE SONG.

KEY C. Arranged by S. E. FARWELL.

	.s	:fe	.s	|l	.s	:-	.s	|l	.	:t	.	|d'	:	.m	|.m : .m

s .s :fe .s	l .s :	s .s :fe .s	f . :	r .m :f .s
1. Riding down from	Bangor,	On an eastern	train,	Af-ter weeks of
3. Blush-ing-ly she	faltered,	"Is this seat en-	gaged?"	Sees the a-ged
5. Then the student	fellow	Feels a gen-tle	touch,	Hears a gen-tle

l .l :	t .t :l .s	s :	s .s :fe .s
hunt-ing	In the woods of	Maine;	Quite ex-ten-sive
cou-ple,	Prop-er-ly en-	raged;	Student's quite ec-
mur-mur,	"Does it hurt you	much?"	Whiz! Slap!

l .l :	t .t :l .s	d' . :	m .m :m .m
whis-kers,	Beard, moustache as	well,	Sat a stu-dent
stat-ic,	Sees her tick-et	through,	Thinks of the long
Bang!	In-to tun-nel	quite,	In-to glo-rious

s .s :	s .f :r .m	d :	.s :fe .s
fel-low,	Tall and slim and	swell.	
tun-nel,	Thinks what he will	do.	
dark-ness,	Black as E-gypt's	night.	

l .s :– .s	*l . :t .*	*d' : .m*	*.m : .m*

s .s :fe .s	l .s :	s .s :fe .s	f . :
2. Empty seat be-	hind him,	No one at his	side,
4. Pleas-ant-ly they	chat-ted,	How the cin-ders	fly!
6. Out in-to the	day-light,	Glides that east-ern	train,

r .m :f .s	l .l :	t .t :l .s	s :
In-to qui-et	vil-lage,	East-ern train did	glide.
Till the stu-dent	fel-low	Gets one in his	eye.
Stu-dent's hair is	ruf-fled,	Just the mer-est	grain;

s .s :fe .s	l .l : .(l)	t .t :l .s	d' : .(m)
En-ter a-ged	cou-ple,	Take the hindmost	seat,
Maid-en sym-pa-	thet-ic,	Turns her-self a-	bout,
Maid-en seen all	blush-es, When	then and there ap-	peared, A

m .m :m .m	s .s :(s .s)	s .f :r .m	d :
En-ter vil-lage	maid-en,	Beau-ti-ful, pe-	tite.
"May I, if you	please, sir,	Try to get it	out?"
ti-ny lit-tle	ear-ring In that	hor-rid stu-dent's	beard.

Sweet Genevieve.

Words by George Cooper. Music by Henry Tucker.

Key G. *Rather slow, with expression.*

Five Measures Instrumental. | s .,fe :f :– .m | r .f :t .l :f .,r | d :d ||

:s₁ | m .,re:m :f | m .,re:r :s₁ | r .,de:r :m | r ,d ,l₁ :s₁
1.O Ge-ne-vieve, I'd give the world To live a-gain the love-ly past!
2.Fair Ge-ne-vieve, my ear-ly love! The years but make thee dear-er far;

:s₁ | m .,re:m :s | s .,fe:f :f | m .,re:m .s₁:— | r .,d:d
The rose of youth is dew-im-pearl'd, But now it withers in the blast.
My heart shall nev-er, nev-er rove, Thou art my on-ly guid-ing star.

:.d | r .m:f :l₁ | s₁ .d:m :d | r .m:s :f | d .r :m
I see thy face in ev-'ry dream, My waking thoughts are full of thee,
For me the past has no re-gret; What-e'er the years may bring to me,

:.m | m .m:f :m | r .m:l₁ :t₁ | d .d:r :d | t₁ .l₁ :m .f
Thy glance is in the starry beam That falls a-long the summer sea!
I bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee!

Chorus

:f | m .,re:m :f | m .,re:r :s₁ | r .,de:r :m | r ,d ,l₁:s₁
:s₁ | s₁.,fe₁:s₁ :l₁ | s₁.,fe₁:f₁ :f₁ | f₁.,m₁:f₁ :s₁ | m₁ .f₁ :m₁
O Ge-ne-vieve, sweet Ge-ne-vieve, The days may come, the days may go,
:r | d .,d :d :d | d .,d :t₁ :t₁ | t₁.,t₁:t₁ :t₁ | d .d :d
:s₁ | d₁ .,d₁:d₁ :d₁ | s₁ .,s₁:s₁ :s₁ | s₁.,s₁:s₁ :s₁ | d₁ .d₁ :d₁

:s₁ | m .,re:m :s | s .,fe:f :f | m .,re:m :s₁ | r .,d:d ||
:m₁ | s₁.,fe₁:s₁ :ta₁ | l₁ .,l₁:l₁ :la₁ | s₁.,fe₁:s₁ :m₁ | f₁ .,m₁:m₁
But still the hands of mem'ry weave The bliss-ful dreams of long a-go.
:d | d .,d :d :d | d .,d:d :d | d .,d :d :d | t₁ .,s₁:s₁
:d | d .,d :d₁ :m₁ | f₁ .,f₁:f₁ :f₁ | s₁ .,s₁:s₁ :s₁ | s₁ .,d₁:d₁ ||

Katey's Letter.

The Poetry by Lady Dufferin.
Key G. *Andante con espressione.*

Seven Measures Instrumental.

d :– .s| d .d :d .,d | d,t|.– :t| .t|
1. Och, girls dear, did you ever hear I
2. I wrote it, and I folded it, and

t| .l| :l| .l| l| .s| :m| .l| s| .s| :m| .s| d :d .r
wrote my love a let - ter, And al - tho' he can - not read, sure, I
put a seal up - on it; 'Twas a seal al - most as big as the

m .m :r .d t| .d :m .m f .,f :f .f f,m.– :m .m
thought 'twas all the bet - ter, For why should he be puzzled with hard
crown of my best bon - net; For I would not have the Post-mas - ter make

m,r.– :r .r r .d :l| .r d .d :l| .t| d .d :d .l
spell-ing in the mat-ter, When the *maning* was so plain that I
his re - marks up - on it, As I'd said *in* - *side* the let - ter that I

s .m m:r .,d d : .d l .l :s .d m : .d
love him faith - ful- ly. I
lov'd him faith - ful- ly. I

m .m :m,r .d r :d .r m .s {:l .t / :l .s} {d' .d : / s .d :} .r
love him faith - ful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with-
love him faith - ful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with-

m .s| :m .,r d :d .r m .s :r .m d : .
out one word from me.
out one word from me.

.s| d .d :d .,d d .t| :t| .t| t| .l| :l| .l| l| .s| :m| .l|
My heart was full, but when I wrote I dar'd not put the half in, The
Now, girls, would you be - lieve it, that Post-man, so *con-* *sat* - *ed*, No

s, .s, :m, .s, | d .d :d .r | m .m :r .d | t, .d :m .m
neigh-bours know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing; So I
an - swer will he bring me so long as I have waited; But

f .f :f .f | f .m :m .m,m | m .r :r .r | r .d :l, .r
dar'd not write his name *out - side* For fear they would be laughing, So I
may - be there *mayn't* be one, For the *ra - son* that I stat - ed, That my

d .d :l, .t, | d .d :d .l,l | s .m m:r .,d | d : .d
wrote, "From lit-tle Kate to one whom she loves faith - ful- ly."
love can neith - er read nor write, but he loves me faith - ful- ly.

l .l :s .d | m : .d | m .m :m,r .d | r :d .r
I love him faith-ful- ly, And he
He loves me faith-ful- ly, And I

m .s {:l .t / :l .s} | d' .d / s .d} : .r | m .s, :m .,r
knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from
know, wher - e'er my love is, that he is true to

d :d .r | m .s :r .m | d : .
me.
me.

Jessie's Dream

(A STORY OF THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW).

Words by Grace Campbell. Music by John Blockley.

Key B♭. *Moderato.*

d, :— | d, :— | d, :— | d, :d, | s, :- .l, | s, :d

r :d | l, :d | s, :d | m :r .d | r :— | d :

:8:

^s₁	:–	.l₁	|s₁	:d	|r	:d	|l₁	:d	|s₁	:–	.l₁	|s₁	:d	
1. Far		a -	wa'	to	bon -	nie	Scot -	land	Has		my spi -		rit	
sure	-	ly	I'm	no	wild -	ly	dream -	in',	For		I hear		it	
near	-	er	still,	An'	near -	er	still,	An'	now		a - gain		'tis	

r	:–	.m	|r	:(s₁)	m₁	:–	.f₁	|s₁	:d	r	:d	|l₁	:d	
ta'en		its	flight,		An'		I saw	my		mi -	ther	spin -	nin'	
plain	-	ly	now—		Ye		can-not,	ye		nev -	er	heard	it	
"Auld		Lang	Syne,"	Its	kind	-	ly notes	like		life -	bluid	rin,	Rin	

s₁	:–	.l₁	|s₁	:m	r	:–	.d	|d	: .d	d	:–	.t₁	|l₁	:t₁	
In		our	High -	land	hame		at night;		I	saw		the kye		a	
On		the	far	off	moun	-	tain's brow;		For	in		your southern			
through		this	puir	sad	heart		o' mine;		Oh!	led	-	dy din -		na	

se₁	:m₁	|m₁	:m₁	l₁	:–	.l₁	|t₁	:–	.t₁	d	:	|l₁	:l₁		
brows - ing,		My		fa	-	ther at		the		plough,		And	the		
child - hood,		Ye	were	nour	-	ish'd saft		and		warm,		Nor			
swoon a -		wa',	Look	up!		the e	-	vil's		past,		They're			

espress.

^d	:d	|m	:t₁	r	:–	.d	|d	:t₁	^d	:–	.l₁	|t₁	:d		
grand auld		hills	a -	boon		them a,		Wad	I		could see		them		
watch'd up -		on	the	cauld		hill-side		The	ris	-	in' o'		the		
com - in'		now	to	dee		wi' us,		Or	save		us at		the		

dolce.

l₁	:—	|	:s₁	m₁	:s₁	|s₁	:–	.s₁	t₁	:–	.l₁	|l₁	:l₁		
now!			Oh!	led -	dy,	while		up-	on		your knees		Ye		
storm—			Ay!	now	the	sol -		diers	hear		it,		An'		
last—			Then	let	us	hum -		bly	thank -		ful - ly,		Down		

s₁	:m	|r	:d	r	:—	|r	:–	.r	r	:–	.r	|r	:r		
held	my	sleep -	in'	head,				I	saw		the lit -		tle		
an -	swer	with	a	cheer,		As		"The	Camp -		bells are		a -		
on	our	knees	and	pray,				For	those		who come		thro'		

^m	:–	.r	|r	:d	t₁	:–	.r	|l₁	:–	.t₁	s₁	:—	|	:f₁	
kirk		at	hame	Where	Tam		and I		were		wed;			I	
com	-		in',"	Falls	on		each an	-	xious		ear,—			The	
bluid		and	fire	To	res	-	cue us		this		day.			That	

m,	:– .f,	s,	:s,	l,	:d	d	:l,	s,	:d	f	:m
heard		the tune	the	pi -	pers	play'd,	I	kenn'd its		rise	and
can	-	nons roar'd	their	thun -	der,	And	the	sap -	pers	work	in
He		may o'er	them	spread His		shield,	Stretch	forth	His	arm	and

animato.

r	:—	|	:d .,r	m	:– .r	d	:l,	s,	:m,	(s,)	:s, .,d
fa',			'Twas the	wild		Mac-gre -	gor's	slo -	gan—		'Tis the
vain,			For	high		a - boon	the	din	o'	war—	Re -
save			Bold	Have	-	lock and	his	High -	land -	ers,	The

Distant March of Highlanders.

1st time.

s	:m	r	:– .m	d	:—	|—	:	m	:s	:l	|s	:m	:d
grand - est		o'	them	a'.									
sounds the		wel -	come										
brav - est		o'	the										

m	:—	:m	|m	:—	:d	|m	:s	:l	|s	:m	:d	|r	:—	:r	|r	:—	:d

m	:s	:l	|s	:m	:d	|m	:– .f	:m	|d'	:– .r'	:m'

D.S.

d'	:l	:d'	|s	:m	:d	|m	:—	:m	|m	:—	s,
											2. Hark!

2nd time.

Advance of the Highlanders.

d	:—	|—	:	d	.,d	:d	.m	|r	.,d	:r	.m	|d	.d	:m	.s
strain.															

D.S.

l	:d'	.l	|s	.m	:m	.d	|r	.,d	:r	.m	|d,l,	:–	l,	.,s,	|d	:–	.	s,
																		3. An'

After 3rd verse.

d	:—	:—	t,	:–.d	:r	|m	:m	:f	|m	:–.r	:d	|r	:d	:t,	|d	:—	:
brave!																	

The Bell-Ringer.

Written by John Oxenford. Composed by W. Vincent Wallace.

Key E. *Andante ma non troppo.*

Six Measures Instrumental. | d :— | — :— | — : | :s, | 1. I ||

:s:

d	:-	.d	|d	:d	|	m	:—	|r	:l,.,l,	|	d	:t,.,l,	|s,	:r	.,m	|
set			the bell	a -		ring	-		ing, When the		bride	to the al	-	tar was			
set			the bell	a -		toll	-		ing, When the		bride	to the churchyard was					
set			the bell	a -		peal	-		ing, When in		sha -	dow is bu	-	ried the			

d	:—	|	:s,.,s,	|	d	:-	.d	|d	:d	|	m	:—	|r	:d	.d	|
led;				And I	lov'd		to hear		it		swing	-	ing,	So			
borne,				And the	dis	-	mal notes		went		roll	-	ing,	To			
day,				And a	won	-	d'rous spell		is		steal	-	ing	O'er the			

t,	.d	:r	.r	|l,	:t,.,l,	|	s,	:—	|	:.s,	|	r	:d	|f	:m	|
merri -	ly		o -	ver my			head;				The	chil -	dren	flung	gay		
tell	of a		heart	for-			lorn;				The	won -	d'ring	chil -	dren		
hearts	of the		grave	and			gay;				The	a -	ged	hear	the		

m	:-	.r	|d	:d	|	f	:m	|l	:-.s	|	s	:-.f	|m	:s	|
gar -	lands round,			While		I	sent	forth	the		jo -	cund sound,			Then		
stood	a -	ghast,		As		sa -	ble	mour -	ners		by	them pass'd,			"And		
fun -	'ral	chime,		Of		slow -	ly,	sure -	ly		dy -	ing time,			The		

rall. un poco.

d'	:t	.l	|s	:m	|	l	:s	.f	|m	:d	|	f	:m	.r	|d	:t,	.l,	|
ma -	ny		tears	were		shed,	but		yet	The		young	lip		smil'd while the				
she	is		gone,	so		fair,	so		young,"	Thus		loud	la -	ment -	ed the				
youth -	ful		hear	a		cheer -	ing		strain,	That		tells	them,		day	will re-			

In tempo.

m	{:m :m,}	|l,	:—	|	s,	:—	|f	:—	|	m	:—	|—	:—	|
cheek	was	wet.			Ah!					me,				
i -	ron	tongue.			Ah!					me,				
vive	a -	gain.			Ah!					me,				

d	:—	|ta	:—	|	l	:—	|—	:t	|	d'	:t	.l	|s	:m	|
ah!					me,			ah!		me,		a	song	of		
ah!					me,			ah!		me,		a	song	of		
ah!					me,			ah!		me,		a	song	of		

l :s .f |m :d |f :m .r |d :t, .d |m :— |— :r
joy and hope, Was heard a - far as I pull'd my
pe - rish'd hope, Was heard a - far as I pull'd my
grief and hope, Is heard a - far as I pull my

1st and 2nd verses. *p sotto voce.*

d :— | :s, .s, |s, :— |— :s, |d :— |— :—
rope, as I pull'd my rope.
rope, as I pull'd my rope.

d .l, :s, .f, |m, :f, |m, .d :s, .l, |f, .m, :r, .s, |d, .d, :s_2 .l_2 |f_2.m_2: r_2 .s, ||
2. I
3. I

last verse. *cres.* *a piacere.*

d :— | :s, |s, :- .s, |d :m |l :d' |— :t .l
rope, A song of grief and hope, Is

molto rall.

s :- .fe |l .s :m .d |t, :l |— :s |d :— |— :— ||
heard a - far as I pull my rope.

Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Words and Music by J. W. Cherry.

Key G. *Lah is E.*

Nine Measures Instrumental.

l, :l, .t, |d :t, .l, |se, :l, .t, |m, : .m
1. When night's dark man-tle has cov - ver'd all, I
2. Ma - ny a trav - el-ler I de - ceive And

m :- .m |f :-.re |m :— | : |l, .l, :- .l, |f :m
come in fire ar - ray'd, Ma-ny a vic - tim
with their part - ing breath, I hear them call in

r :d |t, :- .t, |d :- .d |t, :- .l, |se, :— |— : ||
I've seen fall Or fly from me dis- may'd.
vain for help And dance round them in death.

E.t.m.l.
Allegretto scherzo.

[1]d :d :s, |d :— :de |r :— :l, |r :— :
Will - o' - the - wisp, they tremb - ling cry,

r	:r	:l,	|r	:—	:re	|m	:—	:—	|—	:—	:
Will	- o'	- the	- wisp,		'tis	he!					
m	:m	:m	|l	:—	:s	|f	:—	:m	|f	:—	:fe
Will	- o'	- the	- wisp,		they	tremb	-	ling	cry,		
s	:s	:f	|m	:—	:r	|m	:—	:—	|—	:	:s
Will	- o'	- the	- wisp,		'tis	he!					To
d'	:—	:—	|t	:—	:—	|d'	:—	:—	|	:	:m.f
mark			their			fright					as
s	:—	:	|s	:—	:	|s	:—	:—	|	:	:se
oft			they			fly					Is
l	:l	:—	|—	:—	:l	|l	:s	:—	|—	:—	:s
mer	- ry,				is	mer	- ry,				is
s	:—	:f	|m	:—	:r	|m	:—	:—	|—	:	:s
mer	-	ry	sport		for	me,					is
l	:l	:—	|—	:—	:l	|l	:s	:—	|—	:—	:s
mer	- ry,				is	mer	- ry,				is
s	:—	:f	|m	:—	:r	|m	:—	:—	|—	:—	:d'
mer	-	ry	sport		for	me,					is
d'	:d'	:—	|d'	:—	:fe	|s	:—	:—	|—	:	:s
mer	- ry		sport		for	me.					I
d'	:—	:—	|	:	:d'	|s	:—	:—	|	:	:s
dance,					I	dance,					I'm
la	:—	:—	|	:	:la	|s	:—	:—	|	:	:s
here,					I'm	there,					Who
f	:—	:f	|m	:—	:m	|r	:r	:r	|d	:—	:d
tries		to	catch		me	catch	- es	but	air,		Who

rall.

t, :— :s |fe :— :l |r :t :l |s :— :s, |
tries to catch me | catch - es but air, The

accel.

l, :t, :d |r :m :f |t, :d :r |m :f :s |
mor - tal who fol - lows me, | fol - lows in vain; For I

ff

la : :la |la : :la |s : :s |s : :s |
laugh ha! ha! I | laugh ho! ho! I

fe :fe :fe |fe :fe :fe |s :— :— |— : :s, |
laugh at their fol - ly and | pain, I

d :m :r |d :m :f |s :fe :l |s :l :t |
laugh at their fol - ly, I | laugh at their pain, I

ff

d' :— :— |— :d' :d' |d' :d' : | : :d' |
laugh at their | fol - ly, I

t :l :s |f :r :s |d :— :— |— :— :d' |
laugh at their fol - ly and | pain, I

d' : :d' |d' : :d' |d' : :d' |d' : :d' |
laugh ha! ha! I | laugh ho! ho! I

a tempo. *D.C.*

t :l :s |f :r :s |d :—:— |— :—: ‖ *Fifteen Measures Instrumental.* ‖
laugh at their fol - ly and | pain.

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